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# **SACRED POETRY.**

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"I'll tune my harp, I'll strike its wire,  
My Saviour's praise to waken;  
His love refines my warmest fires,  
And keeps my heart unshaken.  
And thus melodious chords arise,  
And tone my feelings for the skies."

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**SELECTED AND PREPARED**

**By the Committee of Publication of the American  
Sunday-School Union**



**PHILADELPHIA:**

**AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,**

*No. 116 Chestnut Street.*

**1828.**

1802

*Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the 1<sup>st</sup> January, in the fifty-second year of the United States of America, A. J. Junr. Treasurer, in trust for the Am. Union, of the said District, hath deposited in  
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SACRED POETRY.

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Selected and prepared by the Committee of  
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*Printed at the Standard Office.*

# SACRED POETRY.

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## THE "STAR IN THE EAST."

- 1 STAR of the morn, whose placid ray  
Beam'd mildly o'er yon sacred hill,  
While whisp'ring zephyrs seem'd to say,  
As silence slept and earth was still,  
Hail harbinger of gospel light!  
Dispel the shades of nature's night!
- 2 I saw thee rise on Salem's tow'rs,  
I saw thee shine on gospel lands,  
And Gabriel summon'd all his pow'rs  
And waked to ecstasy his bands;  
Sweet cherubs hail'd thy rising ray!  
And sang the dawn of gospel day!
- 3 Shine, lovely star, on ev'ry clime,  
For bright thy peerless beauties be,  
Gild with thy beam the wing of time,  
And shed thy rays from sea to sea;  
Then shall the world from darkness rise,  
Millennial glories cheer our eyes!

ANON.

## UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

- 1** Like crowded forest trees we stand,  
And some are mark'd to fall ;  
The axe will smite at God's command,  
And soon shall smite us all.
- 2** Green as the bay-tree, ever green,  
With its new foliage on,  
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen ;  
I passed and they were gone.
- 3** Read, ye that run, the awful truth,  
With which I charge my page ;  
A worm is in the bud of youth,  
And at the root of age.
- 4** No present health can health ensure  
For yet an hour to come ;  
No med'cine, tho' it oft can cure,  
Can always balk the tomb.
- 5** Then let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save ;  
So shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

COWPER.

## RESIGNATION.

- 1** Oh thou whose mercy guides my way,  
*Tho' now it seem severe,*  
*Forbid my unbelief to say,*  
*There is no mercy here !*

- 2 Oh grant me to desire the pain  
That comes in kindness down,  
More than the world's supremest gain  
Succeeded by thy frown.**
- 3 Then, tho' thou bend my spirit low,  
Love only shall I see:  
The very hand that strikes the blow,  
Was wounded once for me.**

EDMESTON.

## THE CHRISTIAN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

- 1 O most delightful hour by man  
Experienc'd here below,  
The hour that terminates his span,  
His folly and his wo!**
- 2 Worlds should not bribe me back to tread  
Again life's dreary waste,  
To see again my day o'erspread  
With all the gloomy past.**
- 3 My home henceforth is in the skies,  
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!  
All heav'n unfolded to my eyes,  
I have no sight for you.**
- 4 So speaks the Christian, firm possess'd  
Of Faith's supporting rod,  
Then breathes his soul into its rest;  
The bosom of his God.**

COWPER.

## NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

- 1 He lives, who lives to God alone,  
And all are dead beside ;  
For other source than God is none,  
Whence life can be supplied.
- 2 To live to God is to requite  
His love as best we may;  
To make his precepts our delight,  
His promises our stay.
- 3 But life, within a narrow ring  
Of giddy joys compris'd,  
Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,  
But rather death disguis'd.
- 4 Can life in them deserve the name,  
Who only live to prove  
For what poor toys they can disclaim  
An endless life above ?
- 5 Who trample order, and the day  
Which God asserts his own,  
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,  
And worship chance alone ?
- 6 If scorn of God's commands, impress  
On word and deed, imply  
The better part of man unbliss'd  
With life that cannot die;
- 7 Such want it, and that want, uncur'd  
*Till man resigns his breath,*  
*Speaks him a criminal, assur'd*  
*Of everlasting death.*

SACRED POETRY.

7

- 8 Sad period to a pleasant course !  
    Yet so will God repay  
    Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,  
    And mercy cast away.

COWPER.

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THE SAME.

- 1 Thankless for favours from on high,  
    Man thinks he fades too soon;  
    Tho' 'tis his privilege to die,  
    Would he improve the boon.
- 2 But he, not wise enough to scan  
    His best concerns aright,  
    Would gladly stretch life's little span  
    To ages, if he might.
- 3 Strange fondness of the human heart  
    Enamour'd of its harm !  
    Strange world, that costs it so much smart,  
    And still has power to charm.
- 4 Whence has the world her magic pow'r?  
    Why deem we death a foe?  
    Recoil from weary life's best hour,  
    And covet longer wo !
- 5 The cause is conscience—conscience oft  
    Her tale of guilt renewes:  
    Her voice is terrible, tho' soft,  
    And dread of death ensues.
- 6 They anxious to be longer spar'd,  
    Man mourns his fleeting breath:

All evils then seem light compar'd  
With the approach of death.

- 7 'Tis judgment shakes him; there's the fear  
That prompts the wish to stay:  
He has incur'd a long arrear,  
And must despair to pay.
- 8 Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid;  
His death your peace ensures;  
Think on the grave where he was laid,  
And calm descend to yours.

COWPER.

EPITAPH.

- 1 Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,  
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;  
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee  
here,  
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of  
bliss.
- 2 No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of  
night,  
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;  
Now should we rather hail thy glorious  
flight,  
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

ANON.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

- 1 *Man like a flower at morn appears,*  
*And blooms perhaps a few short years:*

The flatterer, Hope, still leads him on  
In quest of pleasure, finding none ;  
Or, if he finds it for a day,  
It soon takes wings and flies away.

- 2 Oft things which promise passing fair,  
Deceive and yield him naught but care.  
Care, ever varying, ever new,  
Must still our fallen race pursue;  
Comes joy? care with it comes along,  
And spoils the syren's sweetest song.

- 3 See pleasure with bewitching charms,  
Man grasps it in his eager arms ;  
The vision swift dissolves in air,  
He grasps—but finds it is not there ;  
The airy phantom still he views,  
And still as vainly he pursues.

- 4 A better hope the Christian cheers,  
Which joyful thro' life's gloom appears;  
Firm on a rock his hope he builds,  
Which to no storm nor tempest yields;  
Let earth dissolve—he will not fear ;  
And why? his hope is not fix'd here.

- 5 He looks to heav'n where ev'ry joy  
Is pure, unmix'd, without alloy ;  
Joys such as mortals never knew,  
Nor raptur'd fancy ever drew,  
Joys which shall never pass away,  
'Tho' heav'n and earth should both decay.

- 6 Tho' worldly pleasures here should fail,  
*And sorrows for awhile prevail;*

Tho' friends forsake, and death remove  
 The dearest objects of our love;  
 Yet there remains a heavenly rest  
 For those whom Christ the Lord has blest.

- 7 And shall the world's deceitful smile  
 Us of this glorious hope beguile ?  
 Shall we earth's empty pleasures prize,  
 And heav'n seem little in our eyes ?  
 It must not be—vain dreams away,  
 We look for joys which ne'er decay.

ANON.

#### LOVE TO PARENTS.

- 1 To honour those who gave us birth,  
 To cheer their age, to feel their worth,  
 Is God's command to human kind,  
 And own'd by every grateful mind.
- 2 Trace then the tender scenes of old,  
 And all our infant days unfold ;  
 Yield back to sight the mother's breast  
 Watchful to lull her child to rest.
- 3 Survey her toil, her anxious care,  
 To form the lisping lips to pray'r;  
 To win for God the yielding soul,  
 And all its ardent thoughts control.
- 4 *Nor hold from mem'ry's glad review,*  
*The fears which all the father knew;*

The joy that mark'd his thankful gaze  
As virtue crown'd maturer days.

- 5 When press'd by sickness, pain, or grief,  
How anxious they to give relief;  
Our dearest wish they held their own;  
Till ours return'd, their peace was flown.
- 6 God of our life, each parent guard,  
And death's sad hour, O! long retard;  
Be theirs each joy that gilds the past,  
And heaven our mutual home at last.

## NOEL.

## CONFESSiON.

- 1 Lord, when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,  
And penitence impart;  
And let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful songs to raise;  
Grant that our souls may join the lay  
And rise to thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
*May we our wills resign;*

**And not a thought our bosom share,  
Which is not wholly thine.**

- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies:  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,  
That grants it or denies.**

ANON.

**BLESSED BE THY NAME FOR EVER.**

- 1 Blessed be thy name for ever,  
Thou of life the guard and giver;  
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping ;  
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.  
God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the desert and the ocean,  
Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
Blessed be thy name for ever.**
- 2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,  
Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;  
God of evening's parting ray,  
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,  
That rises from the azure sea,  
Like breathings of eternity ;  
God of life ! who fadest never,  
Blessed be thy name for ever !**

HOGG.

**THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.**

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the moruin  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine a-**

## SACRED POETRY.

- Star of the east the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shin  
ing,  
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall !  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
- 3 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine;  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the  
ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the  
mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor !
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-  
ing,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine  
aid!  
Star of the east the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

HEBER.

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## PURSUIT AFTER HAPPINESS.

No longer I follow a sound,  
No longer a dream I pursue;

I have sought thee, and seem  
But have proved thee a vision

- 3 An humble ambition and hope  
The voice of true wisdom ins  
'Tis sufficient, if *peace* be the  
And the summit of all our de-
  - 4 Peace may be the lot of the man  
That seeks it in meekness and  
But rapture and bliss are cor-  
To the glorified spirits above.
- 

#### DEATH.

- 1 That awful hour will soon appear  
Swift on the wings of time it comes  
When all that pains or pleases  
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends, my brothers,  
My sisters, my wife, my children,

## SACRED POETRY.

Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,  
Be negligently thrown away?

- 4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use;  
Awake! rouse every active power!  
And not in dreams and trifles lose  
This little—this important hour!
- 5 Lord of my life, inspire my heart  
With heavenly ardour, grace divine!  
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,  
For strength, and life, and death, are thine.
- 6 O teach me the celestial skill  
Each awful warning to improve;  
And while my days are short'ning still,  
Prepare for me the joys above!

MRS. STEELE.

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## HEAVEN.

I love to think of heav'n, where I shall meet  
My fellow-travellers, and where no more  
With grief or sin my mind will be disturb'd;  
Where holy saints and holy angels dwell  
In constant harmony and mutual love.  
But, when my heart anticipates the sight  
Of GOD INCARNATE, wearing on his side,  
And hands, and feet, those marks of love di-  
vine,  
Which he on Calvary for me endur'd,  
All heav'n beside is swallowed up in this;  
And he who is my hope of heav'n below,  
Appears the glory of my heav'n above.

SWAIN.

**We could not say to thee:**  
**The friends who in our sunshine**  
**When winter comes are flown;**  
**And he who has but tears to give**  
**Must weep those tears alone;**  
**But thou wilt heal that broken heart**  
**Which like the plants that grow**  
**Their fragrance from the wound**  
**Breathes sweetness out of woe.**

**2 When joy no longer sooths or charms**  
**And ev'n the hope that threw**  
**A moment's sparkle o'er our teary eyes**  
**Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!**  
**Oh who would bear life's stormy**  
**Did not thy wing of love**  
**Come brightly wafting through the gloom**  
**Our Peace-Branch from above!**  
**Then sorrow, touch'd by thee gently**  
**With more than rapture's ray;**  
**As darkness shows us worlds of**

- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 Sad truth, were this to be our home;  
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
 "We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here:"  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 We seek a city out of sight;  
 Zion its name—the Lord is there,  
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Zion, Jehovah is her strength!  
 Secure she smiles at all her foes;  
 And weary travellers at length  
 Within her sacred walls repose.
- 6 O! sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest!  
 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
 I'd fly to thee and be at rest.
- 7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!  
 The time my God appoints is best;  
 While here to do his will be mine;  
 And his to fix my time of rest.

KELLY.

## THE POWER OF GOD.

- 1 Thou art, O God, the life and light  
 Of all this wondrous world we see:

Its glow by day, its smiles by night,  
 Are but reflections caught from thee!  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

- 2 When day with farewell beam delays,  
 Among the opening clouds of even,  
 And we can almost think we gaze  
 Through golden vistas into heaven,  
 Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of stormy gloom,  
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose  
 plume  
 Is sparkling with a thousand eyes,  
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
 And ev'ry flow'r the summer wreaths,  
 Is born beneath that kindling eye;  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

MOORE.

#### WELCOME TO CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.

- 1 Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,  
 A hearty welcome here receive;  
*May we together now partake*  
*The joys which only he can give.*

- 2 To you and us, by grace, 'tis giv'n,  
To know the Saviour's precious name;  
And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above;  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When christians see each other thus;  
We only wish to speak of him,  
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll speak of all he did, and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below;  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love and wonder, and adore;  
And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON.

---

**HEAVENLY MINSTREL.**

- 1 Enthroned upon a hill of light,  
A heavenly minstrel sings;  
And sounds, unutterably bright,  
Spring from the golden strings.  
Who would have thought so fair a form  
Once bent beneath an earthly storm!

- 2 Yet was he sad and lonely here ;  
     Of low and humble birth ;  
 And mingled, while in this dark sphere,  
     With meanest sons of earth.  
 In spirit poor, in look forlorn,  
     The jest of mortals and the scorn.
- 3 A crown of heavenly radiance now,  
     A harp of golden strings,  
 Glitters upon his deathless brow,  
     And to his hymn-note rings.  
 The bower of interwoven light  
     Seems at the sound to grow more bright.
- 4 Then, while with visage blank and sear,  
     The poor in soul we see;  
 Let us not think what he is here,  
     But what he soon will be :  
 And look beyond this earthly night,  
     To crowns of gold, and bowers of light.

EDMESTON.

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LOVE OF GOD.

- 1 Our Father sits on yonder throne,  
     Amidst the hosts above:  
 He reigns throughout the world alone,  
     He reigns the God of love.
- 2 He knew us when we knew him not,  
     Was with us, though unseen ;  
 His favours came to us unsought,  
     His love has wondrous been.

- 3 He keeps us now, securely keeps,  
    Whatever foe assails,  
With vigilance that never sleeps,  
    With power that never fails.
- 4 He gives us hope that we shall be,  
    Ere long, with him above ;  
That we shall all his glory see,  
    And celebrate his love.
- 5 Then let us, while we dwell below,  
    Obey our Father's voice ;  
To all his dispensations bow,  
    And in his name rejoice.
- 6 How sweet to hear him say at last,  
    " Ye blessed children come ;  
" The days of banishment are past,  
    " And heaven is now your home."

KELLY.

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PRAYER.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
    Unuttered or exprest ;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
    That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
    The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
    When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
    That infant lips can try ;

Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
He enters heaven by prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, "Behold he prays!"
- 6 The saints, in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
When with the Father and his Son,  
Their fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone :  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.
- 8 O thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

MONTGOMERY.

---

THE HEAVENLY REST.

- 1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wand'lers given ;  
*There is a tear for souls distrest,*  
*A balm for every wounded breast,*  
*'Tis found above—in heaven !*

- 2 There is a soft, a downy bed,  
    'Tis fair as breath of even;  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
    And find repose in heaven!
- 3 There is a home for weary souls,  
    By sin and sorrow driven;  
When lost on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
    And all is drear—'tis heaven!
- 4 There faith lifts up the tearful eye,  
    The heart with anguish riven;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
    And all serene in heaven!
- 5 There fragrant flow'r's immortal bloom,  
    And joys supreme are given:  
There rays divine disperse the gloom:  
Beyond the confines of the tomb,  
    Appears the dawn of heaven!

TAPPAN.

---

**THE HIDING-PLACE.**

- 1 Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake,  
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;  
We sing the Saviour of our race,  
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.
- 2 When God's right arm is bar'd for war,  
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,

**Where, where, Oh where ! shall man retire,  
T' escape the horrors of his ire?**

- 3 'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,  
While the dread tempest passes by;  
God sees his well-beloved's face,  
And spares us in our hiding-place.
- 4 Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,  
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;  
To him, though guilty, still we run,  
And God still spares us for his Son.
- 5 While yet we sojourn here below,  
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;  
Fall'n, abject, mean, a sentenc'd race,  
We deeply need a hiding-place.
- 6 Yet courage—days and years will glide,  
And we shall lay these clods aside ;  
Shall be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,  
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.
- 7 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,  
We thro' the Lamb shall be decreed ;  
Shall meet the Father face to face,  
And need no more a hiding-place.

KIRKE WHITE.

A STAR APPEARED IN THE EAST.

- 1 The world lay hush'd in slumber deep,  
And darkness veil'd the mind,  
When rose upon their shadowy sleep  
The star that saves mankind.

- 2 It dawns o'er Bethl'hem's holy shed,  
     And scatt'ring at the sight,  
     Heaven's idol-host at once have fled,  
     Before that awful light.
- 3 Led by the solitary star,  
     To glory's poor abode,  
     Lo! wond'ring wisdom from afar  
     Brings incense to her God.
- 4 Humility, on Judah's hills,  
     Watching her fleecy care,  
     Turns to an angel voice, that fills  
     With love the midnight air.
- 5 Like voices thro' yon bursting cloud,  
     Announce th' Almighty plan ;  
     Hymning, in adoration loud,  
     " Peace and good-will to man."

CAMPBELL.

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

- 1 O Lord, another day is flown,  
     And we, a lonely band,  
     Are met once more before thy throne  
     'To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear  
     'To praises low as ours ?  
     Thou wilt ! for thou dost love to hear  
     The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And Jesus thou thy smiles wilt deign,  
     As we before thee pray ;

For thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are weak as they.

- 4 O let thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease ;  
And shed abroad in every heart,  
Thine everlasting peace !
- 5 Thus chasteñ'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,  
A flock by Jesus led ;  
The Sun of holiness shall shine  
In glory on our head.
- 6 And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,  
And thou wilt bless our way ;  
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
The dawn of lasting day.

KIRKE WHITE.

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THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

- 1 When marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky;  
One Star alone of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host from every gem;  
But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
*The storm was loud, the night was dark,*  
*The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd*  
*The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark,*

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
 And thro' the storm, and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem !

KIRKE WHITE.

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

- 1 Ah! why should this immortal mind,  
 Enslav'd by sense, be thus confin'd,  
 And never, never rise?  
 Why thus amus'd with empty toys,  
 And sooth'd with visionary joys,  
 Forget her native skies?
- 2 The mind was form'd to mount sublime,  
 Beyond the narrow bounds of time,  
 To everlasting things ;  
 But earthly vapours cloud her sight,  
 And hang with cold oppressive weight  
 Upon her drooping wings.
- 3 The world employs its various snares,  
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,  
 And chain'd to earth I lie :

## SACRED POETRY.

When shall my fetter'd powers be free,  
And leave these seats of vanity,  
And upward learn to fly?

4 Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,  
Invite my soul—O could I rise,  
Nor leave a thought below!  
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,  
And say to every tempting snare,  
Heaven calls, and I must go.

5 Heaven calls, and can I yet delay?  
Can aught on earth engage my stay?  
Ah, wretched, lingering heart!  
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and  
Assist and guide my upward flight, [light,  
And bid the world depart.

MRS. STEELE.

## SICKNESS.

1 'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope,  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disembodied soul  
Behold him and adore;

Be with his likeness satisfied,  
And grieve and sin no more.

3 Soon, too, my slumb'ring dust shall hear  
The trumpet's quick'ning sound;  
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,  
At his right hand be found.

- 4 If such the views which grace unfolds,  
 Weak as it is below,  
 What raptures must the church above  
 In Jesus' presence know!
- 5 O may the unction of these truths  
 For ever with me stay,  
 Till, from her sinful cage dismiss'd,  
 My spirit flies away!      TOPLADY.
- 

## LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

- 1 To Jesus the crown of my hope,  
 My soul is in haste to be gone;  
 O bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
 And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent, I love;  
 Whom, not having seen, I adore;  
 Whose name is exalted above  
 All glory, dominion, and power:
- 3 Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain  
 My soul from her portion in thee;  
 Ah! strike off this adamant chain,  
 And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,  
 When array'd in thy glories I shine,  
 Nor grieve any more, by my sins,  
 The bosom on which I recline:
- 5 O then shall the veil be remov'd,  
 And round me thy brightness be pour'd:  
 I shall meet him whom absent I lov'd,  
 I shall see him whom unseen I ador'd.

- 6 And then, never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 7 Or, if yet remember'd above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;  
They will be but new signs of thy love,  
New themes for my wonder and praise.
- 8 Thus the strokes which, from sin and from  
Shall set me eternally free, [pain,  
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain  
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

COWPER.

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**COMFORT UNDER AFFLICITION.**

- 1 When gath'ring clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few ;  
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,  
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain.  
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way ;  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do ;  
Still He, who felt temptation's pow'r,  
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
*Despis'd by those I priz'd too well ;*

He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer wo ;  
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,  
By those who shar'd his daily bread.

- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;  
Yet he who once vouchsaf'd to bear  
The sick'ning anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly sooth, shall gently dry  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When mourning o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend ;  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.
- 6 And, O ! when I have safely past  
Through ev'ry conflict but the last ;  
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away. R. GRANT.

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CERTAINTY OF DEATH.

- 1 He who sits from day to day,  
Where the prison'd bird is hung;  
Heedless of his loudest lay,  
Hardly knows that he has sung;  
Daily visitations come,  
Publishing to all aloud,

Soon the grave must be your home,  
And your only suit a shroud.

**2** But the monitory strain,  
Oft repeated in our ears,  
Seems to sound too much in vain,  
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.  
Pleasure's call attention wins,  
Hear it often as we may ;  
New as ever seem our sins,  
Though committed every day.

**3** Death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
These, alone so often heard,  
No more move us than the bell,  
When some stranger is interr'd.  
Oh, then, ere the turf or tomb,  
Cover us from every eye,  
Spirit of instruction come,  
Make us learn that we must die !

COWPER.

#### SOLITUDE.

**1** It is not that my lot is low,  
That bids this silent tear to flow ;  
It is not grief that bids me moan,  
It is that I am all alone.

**2** In woods and glens I love to roam,  
When the tir'd hedger hies him home ;  
*Or by the woodland pool to rest,*  
*When pale the star looks on its breast.*

- 3 Yet when the silent evening sighs  
With hallowed airs and symphonies,  
My spirit takes another tone,  
And sighs that it is all alone.
- 4 The autumn leaf is sear and dead,  
It floats upon the water's bed,  
I would not be a leaf to die,  
Without recording sorrow's sigh.
- 5 The woods and winds, with sullen wail,  
Tell all the same unvaried tale ;  
I've none to smile when I am free,  
And, when I sigh to sigh with me.
- 6 Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
That thinks on me, and loves me too.  
I start, and when the vision's flown,  
I weep that I am all alone.

KIRKE WHITE.

## REPLY.

- 1 Child of the dust, I heard thee mourn :  
“ Will God forsake, and not return ?  
“ Unheal'd my wounds, my woes unknown  
“ Down to the grave I sink alone.”
- 2 But art thou thus indeed alone,  
Quite unbefriended and unknown ?  
And hast thou then His love forgot,  
Who form'd thy frame and fix'd thy lot ?
- 3 Who laid his Son within the grave,  
*Thy soul from endless death to save ;*

And gave his Spirit to console,  
And make thy wounded bosom whole ?

- 4** Is not His voice in evening's gale ?  
Beams not in Him the star so pale ?  
Is there a leaf can fade or die,  
Unnotic'd by His watchful eye ?
- 5** Each flutt'ring hope, each anxious fear,  
Each lonely sigh, each silent tear,  
To thine Almighty Friend are known,  
And say'st thou, thou art all alone ?

J. CONDER.

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“ THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

- 1** If human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie ;  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
‘To feel a friend is nigh :
- 2** O ! shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To Him who died, our fears to quell,  
Our more than orphan's wo !
- 3** While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd  
Those pangs he would not flee ;  
What love his latest words display'd,  
“ Meet and remember me !”
- 4** Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,  
Our sinful hearts to share !

O mem'ry, leave no other name  
But His recorded there !

NOEL.

## RESIGNATION.

- 1 In trouble and in grief, O God,  
Thy smile hath cheer'd my way;  
And joy hath budded from each thorn  
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good,  
Which prosp'rous days refus'd;  
As herbs, though scentless when entire,  
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs  
By furious blasts are driv'n:  
So life's vicissitudes the more  
Have fix'd my heart in heav'n.
- 4 All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot  
In other times may be,  
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief  
That brings me near to thee.

R. P.

## WALKING WITH GOD.

- 1 Oh ! for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light, to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

- 2** Where is the blessedness I knew,  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
**Where is the soul-refreshing view**  
 Of Jesus and his word?
- 3** What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
 How sweet their mem'ry still!  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill.
- 4** Return, O holy Dove! return  
 Sweet messenger of rest;  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5** The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.
- 6** So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame:  
 So purer light shall mark the road,  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

## RETIREMENT.

- 1** Far from the world, O Lord! I flee,  
 From strife and tumult far;  
 From scenes where Satan wages still  
 His most successful war.
- 2** The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
 With pray'r and praise agree;

**And seem, by that sweet bounty, made  
For those who follow thee.**

- 3 **There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God !**
- 4 **There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.**
- 5 **Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet source of light divine ;  
And (all harmonious names in one,)  
My Saviour, thou art mine !**
- 6 **What thanks I owe thee, and what love,  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.**

COWPER.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

**Group after group are gathering—such as  
prest  
Once to their Saviour's arms, and gently  
laid  
Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,  
Though sterner souls the fond approach  
forbade ;**

here holy thoughts in instant  
bred,  
And holy words their ruby lips r  
t with a chastened glance, in m  
sweet.

et some there are, upon whose  
brows

Wan poverty hath done the wo  
ook up, ye sad ones! 'tis your fat  
Beneath whose consecrated doo  
More gorgeous robes you see, an  
rare,

. And watch the gaudier forms  
move,

And deem, perchance, mistaken  
The "coat of many colours" pr  
Whose sign is in the heart, and w  
above.

and we blest labourers in this hu

The rest of earthly Sabbaths.—Be your  
gain  
A Sabbath without end 'mid yon celestial  
plain. H.

## HYMN FOR MARINERS.

Save, Lord! or we perish—Matt. viii. 25.  
When through the torn sail the wild tempest  
is streaming,  
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning  
is gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to  
cherish,  
We fly to our maker: “save, Lord! or we  
perish.”

O, Jesus! once rock'd on the breast of the  
billow,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy  
pillow,  
Now seated in glory, the mariners cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, “save, Lord! or  
we perish.”

And, O! when the whirlwind of passion is  
raging,  
When sin in our breasts his wild warfare is  
waging,  
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to  
cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer, “save, Lord! or we  
perish.” HEBER.

## RELIGION.

- 1 Through shades and solitudes profound,  
The fainting traveller wends his way :  
Bewild'ring meteors glare around,  
And tempt his wand'ring feet astray.
- 2 Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye,  
The sudden moon's inspiring light,  
When forth she sallies through the sky,  
The guardian angel of the night.
- 3 Thus mortals, blind and weak below,  
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;  
The world's a wilderness of wo,  
And life's a pilgrimage of pain !
- 4 Till mild Religion from above  
Descends, a sweet engaging form,  
The messenger of heav'nly love,  
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.
- 5 Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,  
And folly flies her chast'ning rod,  
She makes the humble contrite heart  
A temple of the living God.
- 6 Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
Where bright celestial ages roll,  
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
She points the way and leads the soul.

MONTGOMERY.

## THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

- 1 Methinks I stand upon the rock  
Where Balaam stood, and, wond'ring, look  
Upon the scene below:  
The tents of Jacob goodly seem,  
The people happy I esteem,  
Whom God has favour'd so.
- 2 The sons of Israel stand alone,  
Jehovah claims them for his own,  
His cause and theirs the same:  
He saved them from the tyrant's hand,  
Allots to them a pleasant land,  
And calls them by his name.
- 3 Their toils have almost reach'd a close,  
And soon they're destin'd to repose  
Within the promis'd land;  
Even now its rising hills are seen,  
Enrich'd with everlasting green,  
Where Israel soon shall stand.
- 4 O! Israel, who is like to thee!  
A people sav'd and call'd to be  
Peculiar to the Lord!  
Thy shield ! he guards thee from the foe ;  
Thy sword, he fights thy battles too ;  
Himself thy great reward !
- 5 Fear not, though many should oppose,  
For God is stronger than thy foes,  
And makes thy cause his own:  
The promis'd land before thee lies,  
Go and possess the glorious prize  
Reserv'd for thee alone.

- 6 In glory there the King appears,  
He wipes away his people's tears,  
And makes their sorrows cease;  
From toil and strife they there repose,  
And dwell secure from all their foes,  
In everlasting peace.
- 7 Fair emblem of a better rest,  
Of which believers are possest,  
Beyond material space !  
Methinks I see the heavenly shore,  
Where sin and sorrow are no more,  
And long to reach the place.
- 8 Nor shall I always absent be  
From Him my soul desires to see,  
Within the realms of light :  
Ere long my Lord will rend the veil,  
And not a cloud shall then conceal  
His glory from my sight.
- 9 Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;  
It makes a freeman of the slave,  
And bids the sluggard rise :  
It lifts a worm of earth on high,  
Provides him wings, and makes him fly  
To mansions in the skies.      KELLY.

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CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

Nor for thee, nor for me, was earth's valley decreed,  
Nor its visions of tasteless delight;

For our pinions are spread, and our fettters  
are freed

For a higher—a heavenlier flight.

2 From the sorrowful scenes of this world  
and its woes,

From the dungeons and glooms of to-day,  
To those regions of hope, whose resplen-  
dency throws

O'er the future the past's dearest ray.

3 O my friend! what a hope have I nursed  
in this lay,

What a joy round our being it throws,  
While the path of our hope, where we tran-  
quilly stray,

With the light of eternity glows!

4 In that path be thou near me, and while I  
aspire,

Thou shalt calm all the thoughts that re-  
pine,

One in blood, in belief, one in hope, and  
desire:

And the pinions that waft me are thine.

5 In the desert that leads to the grave and  
its rest,

Is thy friendship a moistening shower;  
In the tempests which life's rugged path-  
way molest,

Is that friendship a sheltering bower.

## ISRAEL.

- 1 When Israel of the Lord belov'd  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her mov'd,  
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.  
By day along the astonish'd lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night Arabia's crimson'd sands  
Return'd the fiery column's glow.
- 2 There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen ;  
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays  
With priests and warriors' voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;  
Our fathers would not know *Thy* ways,  
And *Thou* hast left them to their own.
- 3 But present still, though now unseen,  
When brightly shines the prosp'rous day ;  
Be thoughts of *Thee* a cloudy screen,  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh ! when stoops on Judah's path,  
In shade and storm the frequent night ;  
Be *Thou*, long suff'ring, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light !
- 4 Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentiles' scorn ;  
*No censer* round our altar beamis,  
*And mute* are timbrel, trump, and horu.

But *Thou* hast said the blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize :  
A contrite heart, an humble thought,  
Are more accepted sacrifice.

WALTER SCOTT.

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DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIANS.

- 1 The Assyrian came down like the wolf on  
the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple  
and gold ;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars  
on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep  
Galilee.
- 2 Like the leaves of the forest when sum-  
mer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were  
seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn  
hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and  
strown.
- 3 For the Angel of Death spread his wings  
on the blast,  
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he-  
pass'd,  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd dead-  
ly and chill,

But through it there roll'd  
of his pride ;  
And the foam of his gaspi  
the turf,  
And cold as the spray of th  
surf.

- 5 And there lay the rider dist  
With the dew on his brow  
on his mail :  
And the tents were all silent  
alone,  
The lances unlifted, the tru
- 6 And the widows of Ashur are  
wail,  
And the idols are broke in  
Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentil  
the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the

- 2 No—for to higher worlds belong  
The wonders of thy sacred song:  
Thy prophet-bards might sweep thy chords,  
The glorious burthen was the Lord's.
- 3 Thy lay, descending from above,  
Full fraught with justice, truth, and love;  
His spirit breath'd and mingled there  
As much of heaven as earth could bear.
- 4 Kind was its tone—its warning plain;  
But rebel Israel scorn'd the strain;  
Proud, careless, unabash'd, they trod,  
Nor own'd the voice of Zion's God.
- 5 Then fell at length his vengeful stroke;  
The necks that scorn'd to bend he broke;  
The shrine his hand had guarded well,  
Himself destroy'd—and Zion fell.
- 6 Final and unretriev'd her fall;  
The heathen ploughshare raz'd her wall;  
And o'er the race of Judah's kings  
Rome's slaught'ring eagle clapp'd her wings.
- 7 Yet, harp of Judah! rung thy strain,  
And woke thy glories not in vain;  
Yet, though in dust thy frame be hurl'd  
Thy spirit rules a wider world.
- 8 Though faintly swell thy notes sublime,  
Far distant—down the stream of time;  
Yet, to our ears the sounds are giv'n;  
*And e'en thy echo tells of heav'n.*

9 Thro' worlds remote—the old—the new ;  
 'Thro' realms nor Rome nor Israel knew ;  
 The Christian hears—and, by thy tone,  
 Sweet harp of Judah ! tunes his own.

L. E.

**" WE WEEP WHEN WE REMEMBERED ZION."**

1 Oh ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,  
 Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream ;  
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell ;  
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell.

2 And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?  
 And where shall Zion's songs again seem sweet ?  
 And Judah's melody once more rejoice  
 The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice ?

3 Tribes of the wand'ring foot and weary breast,  
 How shall ye flee away and be at rest ?  
 The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,  
 Mankind their country—Israel but the grave !

HEBREW MELODY.

**"THE NATIVITY."**

- 1 When Jordan hush'd his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion's hill;  
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the  
night  
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light :**
- 2 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound,  
In distant hallelujahs stole,  
Wild murmur'd o'er the raptur'd soul.**
- 3 Then swift to every startled eye,  
New streams of glory light the sky ;  
Heav'n bursts her azure gates to pour  
Her spirits to the midnight hour.**
- 4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;  
High heav'n with songs of triumph rung,  
While thus they struck their harps and  
sung :**
- 5 O Zion ! lift thy raptur'd eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.**
- 6 See, Mercy from her golden urn  
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;  
Behold, she binds, with tender care,  
The bleeding bosom of despair.**
- 7 He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,  
*Bids Satan and his host depart ;***

Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,  
Again the bow'rs of Eden bloom !

- 8 O Zion ! lift thy raptur'd eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh :  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

T. CAMPBELL.

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UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

- 1 What is life ! 'tis but a vapour ;  
Soon it vanishes away ;  
Life is like a dying taper :  
O, my soul, why wish to stay ?  
Why not spread thy wings and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy ?
- 2 See that glory, how resplendent !  
Brighter far than fancy paints,  
There, in majesty transcendent,  
Jesus reigns the King of saints.  
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,  
Sing with rapture of his love :  
Thro' the heav'ns his praises sounding,  
Filling all the courts above.  
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 4 Go and share his people's glory ;  
'Midst the ransom'd crowd appear;

'Thine a joyful, wondrous story,  
One that angels love to hear.  
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy.

KELLY.

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"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE  
LORD."

- 1 Hark ! a voice, it cries from heav'n,  
Happy in the Lord who die ;  
Happy they to whom 'tis given,  
From a world of grief to fly !  
They indeed are truly blest ;  
From their labours then they rest.
  - 2 All their toils and conflicts over,  
Lo ! they dwell with Christ above ;  
O ! what glories they discover  
In the Saviour whom they love !  
Now they see him face to face,  
Him who sav'd them by his grace.
  - 3 'Tis enough, enough for ever,  
'Tis his people's bright reward,  
They are blest indeed who never  
Shall be absent from their Lord !  
O ! that we may die like those  
Who in Jesus then repose !      KELLY.
- 

THE GRACE OF GOD.

- 1 *Mark where the wave at eventide,  
In seeming slumber lies ;*

Mark how its glassy face reflects  
The richly-painted skies.

- 2 The brightest hues of heaven there  
In faint resemblance shine,  
Though oft the passing ripple breaks  
'The beautiful design.
- 3 So, when redeeming love hath sooth'd  
Man's stormy soul to rest;  
No more by raging passion toss'd,  
By anxious sorrow press'd;
- 4 Cold and unstable in himself  
As yonder changeful waves,  
His bosom still reflects to heaven,  
The image it receives.
- 5 He feels a love, by love inspir'd,  
Returning whence it came,  
That can surrender all for One  
Who left so much for him.
- 6 And there is joy—the joy of One,  
Who, from a state of bliss,  
Looks back upon the awful depth  
Of wrath that once was his:
- 7 Peace such as earth has none to give,  
The peace of sin forgiv'n;  
Of hopes exalted from the world,  
And bliss secured from heav'n:
- 8 *Faith that can rest upon her God,*  
*However dark his ways;*

While reason questions of his word,  
Believes it—and obeys:

- 9 Patience, forbearance, gentleness,  
The offspring all of heav'n,  
Such as befit a contrite soul,  
Mindful of sins forgiv'n:
- 10 These, and whatever else may seem  
Most beautiful, most fair,  
Serenely beaming on the soul,  
Will trace their image there.

MISS C. FRY.

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THE CROSS.

- 1 We sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of him who died upon the cross ;  
The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, " GOD IS LOVE ! "  
He bears our sins upon the tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it takes our guilt away,  
It holds the fainting spirit up ;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

- 5** The balm of life, the cure of wo,  
 The measure and the pledge of love ;  
 'Tis all that sinners want below,  
 'Tis all that angels know above.

KELLY.

## DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

- 1** How sweetly parts the Christian sun,  
 Just like the summer monarch set,  
 'Midst cloudless skies his journey done,  
 To rise in brighter regions yet.
- 2** O where the Christian ends his days,  
 Lingers a lovely line of rays,  
 That speaks his calm departure blest,  
 And promises to those who gaze,  
 The same beatitude of rest.

EDMESTON.

## COMFORT IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

- 1** Let reason vainly boast her pow'r  
 To teach her children how to die,  
 The sinner, in a dying hour,  
 Needs more than reason can supply:  
 A view of Christ, the sinner's Friend,  
 Alone can cheer him in the end.
- 2** When nature sinks beneath disease,  
 And every earthly hope is fled,  
 What then can give the sinner ease,

And make him love a dying bed !  
 Jesus ! thy smile his heart can cheer,  
 He's blest ev'n then, if thou art near.

- 3 The Gospel does salvation bring,  
 And Jesus is the Gospel theme ;  
 In death, *redeemed sinners* sing,  
 And triumph in the Saviour's name :  
 " O death, where is thy sting ?" they cry,  
 " O grave, where is thy victory ?"
- 4 Then let me die the death of those  
 Whom Jesus washes in his blood,  
 Who on his faithfulness repose,  
 And know that he indeed is God.  
 Around his throne we all shall meet,  
 And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

KELLY.

—  
**VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURES.**

- 1 I quit the world's fantastic joys,  
 Her honours are but empty toys,  
 Her bliss an empty shade :  
 Like meteors in the midnight sky,  
 That glitter for awhile and die,  
 Her glories flash and fade.
- 2 Let fools for riches strive and toil,  
 Let greedy minds divide the spoil,  
 'Tis all too mean for me :  
 Above the earth, above the skies,  
 My bold and fervent wishes rise,  
 My God, to heav'n and thee.

- 3 O source of glory, life, and love!  
 When to thy courts I mount above,  
     On contemplation's wings,  
 I look with pity and disdain  
 On all the pleasures of the vain,  
     On all the pomp of kings.
- 4 Thy beauties rising in my sight,  
 Divinely sweet, divinely bright,  
     With rapture fill my breast;  
 Though robb'd of all my worldly store,  
 In thee I never can be poor,  
     But must be ever blest.

DR. MORE.

## COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

- 1 When in the hours of lonely wo,  
 I give my sorrows leave to flow ;  
 And anxious fear and dark distrust  
     Weigh down my spirit to the dust ;
- 2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid  
 Can heal the wounds the world has made,  
     O this shall check each rising sigh,  
 That Jesus is for ever nigh.
- 3 His counsels and upholding care  
 My safety and my comfort are ;  
 And he shall guide me all my days,  
     Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! in whom but thee above  
 Can I repose my trust, my love ?

## SACRED POETRY.

And shall an earthly object be  
Lov'd in comparison with thee?

- 5 My flesh is hast'ning to decay,  
Soon shall the world have pass'd away  
And what can mortal friends avail,  
When heart, and strength, and life a  
fail?
- 6 But, Oh ! be thou, my Saviour, nigh,  
And I will triumph while I die :  
My strength, my portion is divine,  
And Jesus is *for ever* mine. ANO

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## REPENTANCE.

- 1 Return, my roving heart, return,  
And life's vain shadows chase no more ;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye  
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,  
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,  
And let me here thy presence meet.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart,  
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide ;  
And still its beams unerring dart,  
Till all be known and purified.
- 4 Then let the visits of thy love,  
My inmost soul be call'd to share,

## CONFESSIO.

Lord, my God, in mercy turn,  
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!  
To thee I call, to thee I cry,  
Leave me, leave me not to die!

O pleasures past, what are ye now?  
But thorns about my bleeding brow!  
Spectres that hover round my brain,  
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul;  
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll;  
Now vengeance smile—and with a bl  
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,  
I'll crouch beneath his sheltering wing,  
I'll clasp the cross, and, holding the

- 2 And dear to me the winged hour,  
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord !  
To feel devotion's soothing power,  
And catch the manna of thy word.
- 3 And dear to me the loud Amen,  
Which echoes through the blest abode,  
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,  
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.
- 4 And dear the rustic harmony,  
Sung with the pomp of village art ;  
That holy, heav'nly melody,  
The music of a thankful heart.
- 5 In secret I have often pray'd,  
And still the anxious tear would fall ;  
But, on thy sacred altar laid,  
The fire descends and dries them all.
- 6 Oft when the world, with iron hands,  
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,  
This bursts them, like the strong man's  
bands,  
And lets my spirit loose again.
- 7 Then dear to me the Sabbath morn,  
The village bells, the shepherd's voice ;  
These oft have found my heart forlorn,  
And always bid that heart rejoice.
- 8 Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,  
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms,  
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,  
That bears us to a Father's arms.

## SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 Is there a time when moments flow,  
More lovelily than all beside?  
It is of all the times below,  
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.
- 2 O then the setting sun smiles fair,  
And all below, and all above,  
The diff'rent forms of nature wear  
One universal garb of love.
- 3 And then the peace that Jesus beams,  
'The life of grace, the death of sin,  
With nature's placid woods and streams:  
Is peace without, and peace within.
- 4 Delightful scene! a world at rest,  
A God all love, no grief nor fear,  
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,  
A smile unsullied by a tear.
- 5 If heav'n be ever felt below,  
A scene so heav'nly sure as this  
May cause a heart on earth to know  
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.
- 6 Delightful hour! how soon will night  
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign  
And morrow's quick returning light  
Must call us to the world again.
- 7 Yet will there dawn at last a day,  
A SUN that never sets shall rise;

Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,  
The heavenly Sabbath never dies !

EDMESTON.

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"LOVE TO GOD."

- 1 Oh! sweet is morn's first breeze that strays  
on the mountain,  
And sighs o'er its bosom, and murmurs  
away;  
And bright is the beam which upsprings  
from day's fountain,  
And breaks o'er the East in its golden array.
- 2 And lovely the riv'let incessantly flowing,  
Which winds gently murmur'ring its course  
through the plain ;  
And welcome the beacon which, faithfully  
glowing,  
Cheers the heart of the mariner tossed on  
the main.
- 3 But sweeter, my God, is thy voice of com-  
passion,  
Which soft as the summer's dew falls on  
the mind ;  
Which whispers the tidings of life and sal-  
vation,  
And casts the dark shadows of sorrow be-  
hind.
- 4 O yes ! I have known it, when, kindly and  
cheering,  
It hushed the hoarse thunders of justice  
to rest ;

It was heard, and the angel of mercy appearing,  
 Pour'd the balm of relief o'er the penitent's breast.

- 5 And still may I hear it, while crossing life's ocean,  
 Or borne on the billow, or breath'd in the gale;  
 Enkindling the flame of expiring devotion,  
 And utt'ring the promise that never shall fail.
- 6 'Tis the still voice of Him who expir'd on the mountain,  
 And breath'd out for sinners his last dying groan;  
 His voice who on Calvary open'd the fountain,  
 Of water to cleanse, and of blood to atone.
- 7 That voice, O believer! shall cheer and protect thee,  
 When the cold chill of death thy frail bosom invades;  
 At its sound shall the Day-star arise to direct thee,  
 And gild with resplendence the valley of shades.

ANON.

—  
SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

*Thou soft-flowing Kedron, by thy silver stream*

Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's  
pale beam  
Shone bright on the waters, would often-  
times stray,  
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the  
day !

Come saints, and adore him, come bow  
at his feet ;  
O give him the glory, the praise that is  
meet ;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens  
the skies.

2 How damp were the vapours that fell on  
his head !  
How hard was his pillow ! how humble his  
bed !  
The angels astonished grew sad at the  
sight,  
And follow'd their Master with solemn de-  
light.

Come saints, and adore him, come bow  
at his feet ;  
O give him the glory, the praise that is  
meet ;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladdens  
the skies.

3 O Garden of Olivet—dear honour'd spot !  
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be  
forgot !

The theine most transporting to seraphs  
above !  
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of  
love !  
Come saints, and adore him, come bow  
at his feet ;  
O give him the glory, the praise that is  
meet ;  
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
And join the full chorus that gladden  
the skies.      MARIE DE FLKURY.

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## VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

O child of sorrow, be it thine to know  
That Scripture only is the cure of wo !  
That field of promise, how it flings abroad  
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny  
road !  
The soul, reposing on assur'd relief,  
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,  
Forgets her labour as she toils along,  
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song !

COWPER.

## JESUS.

1 My song shall bless the Lord of all,  
*My* praise shall climb to his abode ;  
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,  
The great supreme, the Mighty God,

- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;  
 Eternal ages saw him shine,  
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,  
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,  
 As when the six days' work he made  
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
 Salvation is his dearest claim ;  
 That gracious sound well-pleased he hears,  
 And owns Emmanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
 My well-placed hopes with joy I see ;  
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal  
 To worship him who died for me.
- 6 As man, he pities my complaint,  
 His pow'r and truth are all divine,  
 He will not fail, he cannot faint,  
 Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

COWPER.

## THE SABBATH.

- 1 Sweet day of rest ! for thee I'd wait,  
 Emblem and earnest of a state  
 Where saints are fully blest !  
 For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh !  
 I'd count the days till thou art nigh,  
 Sweet day of sacred rest.

- 2 But oft (with shame I will confess)  
 My privilege my burden is,  
     No joy, alas ! have I :  
 When I would take my harp and sing,  
 I find it oft without a string,  
     And lay it coldly by.
- 3 But while I thus confess my shame,  
     'Tis right that I should praise his name,  
         Who makes me sometimes sing.  
 Yes, Lord, (I'll speak it to thy praise,)  
 My cheerful song I sometimes raise,  
     And triumph in my king.
- 4 O let the case be always so,  
 My song no interruption know,  
     Till death shall seal my tongue.  
 In heav'n a nobler strain I'll raise,  
 And rest from ev'ry thing but praise ;  
     My heav'n an endless song.

KELLY.

## THE ORPHAN.

- 1 Upon my father's new clos'd grave  
     Deep lay the winter's snow ;  
 Green, now, the grass waves o'er his head,  
     And tall the tomb-weeds grow.
- 2 Along life's road no parent's hand  
     My homeless footsteps led ;  
 No mother's arm in sickness sooth'd,  
     And rais'd my throbbing head.

- 3 But other hearts, Lord ! thou hast warm'd  
With tenderness benign ;  
And in the stranger's eye I mark  
The tear of pity shine.
- 4 The stranger's hand by thee is mov'd  
To be the orphan's stay ;  
And, better far, the stranger's voice  
Hath taught us how to pray.
- 5 Thou putt'st a new song in our mouth,  
A song of praise and joy ;  
O may we not our lips alone,  
But hearts, in praise employ !
- 6 To Him who little children took,  
And in his bosom held,  
And, blessing them with looks of love,  
Their rising fears dispell'd ;
- 7 To Him, while flow'rs bloom on the bank,  
Or lambs sport on the lea ;  
While larks with morning hymns ascend,  
Or birds chant on the tree ;
- 8 To Him let ev'ry creature join  
In prayer, and thanks, and praise :  
Infants, their little anthems lisp ;  
Age, hallelujahs raise ! GRAHAME.

—  
**LO ! WE HAVE LEFT ALL AND FOLLOWED  
THEE !**

- 1 **Jesus, I my cross have taken,**  
**All to leave and follow thee ;**

## SACRED POETRY.

Laked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;  
'erish ev'ry fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,  
'et how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me ;  
They have left my Saviour too ;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;  
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
'oes may hate, and friends may scorn me,  
Show thy face and all is bright.

No, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
With thy favour loss is gain.  
I have called thee Abba, Father,  
I have set my heart on thee,  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

None may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me,  
If 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,  
     Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,  
     Joy to find in ev'ry station  
         Something still to do or bear.  
     Think what spirit dwells within thee,  
         Think what Father's smiles are thine,  
     Think that Jesus died to save thee :  
         Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
     Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer,  
     Heaven's eternal days before thee,  
         God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
     Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
         Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
     Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
         Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.     G.

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IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

- 1 The grave is not a place of rest,  
     As unbelievers teach,  
     Where grief can never win a tear,  
         Nor sorrow ever reach.
- 2 The eye that shed the tear is closed,  
     The heaving breast is cold ;  
     But that which suffers and enjoys,  
         No narrow grave can hold.
- 3 The mould'ring earth and hungry worm  
     The dust they lent may claim ;

**But the enduring spirit lives  
Eternally the same.**

MISS CAROLINE FRY.

**THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH.**

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.**
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
And made his glories known;  
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace  
Are found, and there alone.**
- 3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,  
A sense of pard'ning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Gives joys like those above.**
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,  
To know that God is mine,  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeakable! divine!**
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy  
And sanctify the mind;  
Which makes the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.**
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,  
But if you are the Lord's,  
*Resign to them that know him not,*  
*Such joys as earth affords.***

NEWTON

## JOB'S LAMENT.

- 1 Of all my race there breathes not one,  
    To comfort or deplore me ;  
Pain wakes a pulse in every bone,  
    And death is closing o'er me.  
Still doth his lifted stroke delay,  
    Protracted tortures dooming,  
I feel, ere life has pass'd away,  
    His very worm consuming.
- 2 Night spreads her mantle o'er the sky,  
    And all around are sleeping,  
While I, in tears of agony,  
    My restless couch am steeping.  
I sigh for morn—the rising day  
    Awakes the earth to gladness,  
I turn with sick'ning soul away,—  
    It smiles upon my sadness.
- 3 Curs'd be that day,—in tempest wild,—  
    When first, with looks delighted,  
My mother smil'd upon her child,  
    And felt her pangs requited !  
Oh ! that, by human eye unseen,  
    I might have fled from sorrow ;  
And been as though I had not been,—  
    As I would be to-morrow !
- 4 The light wave sparkling in the beam,  
    That trembles o'er the river,  
A moment sheds its quiv'ring gleam,  
    Then shuns the sight for ever ;

~~DO SWIFT THE DAY...~~

Which wins the heart to ~~woe~~

- 5 A crown of glory grac'd my brow,  
Whole nations bent before me,  
Princes and hoary sires would bow  
To flatter and adore me.  
To me the widow turn'd for aid,  
And ne'er in vain address'd me :  
For me the grateful orphan pray'd,  
The soul of mis'ry bless'd me.
- 6 I rais'd the drooping wretch that pin'd  
In lonely anguish lying ;  
Was balm unto the wounded mind,  
And solace to the dying.  
Till one stern stroke of all my state,  
Of all my bliss, bereft me ;  
And I was worse than desolate,  
<sup>~</sup> ~ ~ himself had left me.

Oh ! would the same wild storm have laid  
 Their wretched sire beside them !  
 I had not then been doom'd to see  
 The loss of all who love me ;  
 Unbroken would my slumbers be,  
 Though none had wept above me.

- 9 All hope on earth for ever fled,  
 A higher hope remaineth ;  
 E'en while his wrath is o'er me shed,  
 I know my Saviour reigneth.  
 The worm may waste this with'ring clay,  
 When flesh and spirit sever ;  
 My soul shall see eternal day,  
 And dwell with God for ever. DALE.
- 

## BENEFIT IN AFFLICTION.

- 1 Often the clouds of deepest wo  
 So sweet a message bear,  
 Dark tho' they seem, 'twere hard to find  
 A frown of anger there.
- 2 Yes, often has adversity  
 A richer boon bestow'd,  
 Has oft bequeath'd a purer joy  
 Than all that men call good.
- 3 Our spirits, too, are closely bound  
 To earth's delusive toys ;  
 Poor baubles we are loath to leave  
 For everlasting joys.

- 4** It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth  
 It needs that we be driv'n,  
 By loss of every earthly stay,  
 To seek our joys in heav'n.
- 5** And what is sorrow, what is pain,  
 To that internal care,  
 That breaks the conscious heart for sin,  
 When sin is hated there?
- 6** Kind, loving is the hand that strikes,  
 However keen the smart,  
 If sorrow's discipline can chase  
 One evil from the heart.
- 7** He was a Man of Sorrows,—He  
 Who lov'd and sav'd us thus;  
 And shall the world, that frown'd on him,  
 Wear only smiles for us?
- 8** No; we must follow in the path  
 Our Lord and Saviour run;  
 We must not find a resting-place,  
 When he we lov'd had none.

MISS CAROLINE FRY.

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WARNING.

- 1** Breathe thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,  
 But dwell not with stern anger on his fault:  
*The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all;*  
*Were that withdrawn, thou, too, woul'd swerve and halt.*

- 2** Send back the wand'rer to the Saviour's fold,—  
 That were an action worthy of a saint;  
 But not in malice let the crime be told,  
 Nor publish to the world the evil taint.
- 3** The Saviour suffers when his children slide;  
 Then is his holy name by men blasphem'd !  
 And he afresh is mock'd and crucified,  
 Even by those his bitter death redeem'd.
- 4** Rebuke the sin, but yet in love rebuke ;  
 Feel as one member in another's pain ;  
 Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,  
 And mighty and eternal is thy gain !

EDMESTON.

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**" ALL FLESH IS GRASS."**

- 1** All flesh is grass, the royal preacher cries,  
 Cut down and wither'd ere it sees the noon ;  
 Man like a drooping flow'r in summer dies,  
 He dies as surely, and almost as soon.
- 2** Though in life's morn the bounding pulse  
 beat high,  
 And the gay heart laugh at the distant sight,—

Though beauty's glance adorn the sparkling eye,

And the soft cheek be crimson'd with delight,—

3 Not youth, nor strength, nor beauty's moving pow'r,

Nor the light heart, with sportive pleasure gay,—

Not blooming health can charm away that hour,

Nor bribe the king of terrors to delay.

4 What though his hand awhile defer the blow,

And active manhood shun the fatal stroke,—

Can feeble age oppose the conqu'ring foe,  
With strength by years and sorrow doubly broke?

5 No spring the well of life can then afford,  
The golden bowl in broken fragments lies,

From the still wheel is loos'd the silver cord,

The falling pitcher sinks, no more to rise.

6 E'en music's cheerful daughters are brought low,

No more to charm the senses with delight;

Weaken'd with age, the tott'ring pillars bow,

And the dim eye is quench'd in endless night.

- 7 Thus circling years shall bend us to the  
dust,  
And nature's pow'rs, in turn, all fade  
away :  
But death cannot destroy their souls who  
trust  
In that sure word that never shall decay.
- 8 The sov'reign pow'r, by whose Almighty  
voice  
Our mortal flesh and heart are doom'd  
to fail,  
In soften'd accents bids his saints rejoice,  
That his own word for ever must pre-  
vail.
- 9 His mighty word for ever shall endure,  
Though fainting nature feel the dying  
strife :  
Trusting in him, our hope must be secure,  
And death's dark portal but the gate of  
life.

N. H.

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**ODE**

Written for the first Anniversary of the American  
Sunday-School Union—1825.

The angel-ranks that gird the throne  
Of Majesty, stand not alone ;  
To mortals, disenthralled, 'tis given  
To join the choral hymn of heaven :  
Hark ! even now a richer strain  
Comes floating o'er the eternal plain ;

To infant choirs those harps belong,  
And children's voices swell that song.

Gabriel ne'er touched a sweeter string,  
His legions listen as they sing ;  
O, whence those cherub minstrels,—say,—  
Clad in Immanuel's bright array ?  
In scenes where thoughtless worldlings dwell,  
Their lot was cast, whose lyres now swell  
The thrilling melody above,  
Thine be the praise, O God of love !

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL !** Earth has no name  
Worthier to fill the breath of Fame,—  
The untold blessings it hath shed,  
Shall be revealed when worlds have fled :  
O thou of Bethlehem ! once a child,—  
Jesus ! compassionate and mild,  
Approve thy work, be this the sum  
Of all our toil—“**THY KINGDOM COME !”**

TAPPAN.

**A BROTHER IN ADVERSITY.**

- 1 When ev'ry scene, this side the grave,  
    Seems dark and cheerless to the eye,  
How sweet in such an hour to have  
    A brother in adversity !
- 2 When father, mother, all are gone,—  
    When bursts affection's closest tie,—  
How sweet to claim, as still our own,  
    A brother in adversity !

- 3 When frowns an angry world unkind,**  
**And hope's delusive visions fly,**  
**How sweet in such an hour to find**  
**A brother in adversity !**
- 4 And who is this whom still we find,**  
**When father, mother, husband die,**  
**Still faithful, tender, loving, kind ?**  
**A brother in adversity !**
- 5 Jesus ! my Lord ! ah who can trace**  
**Thy love unchanging, full, and free ;**  
**Or tell the riches of thy grace,**  
**Thou brother in adversity !**
- 6 Ye trav'lers in this wilderness,**  
**Who somewhat of his beauty see ;**  
**For ever, oh ! for ever bless**  
**This brother in adversity !**

ANON.

## PROVIDENCE.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,**  
**His wonders to perform ;**  
**He plants his footsteps in the sea,**  
**And rides upon the storm.**
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines**  
**Of never-failing skill,**  
**He treasures up his bright designs**  
**And works his sov'reign will.**
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,**  
**The clouds ye so much dread**

Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain. cowrga.
- 

## HAPPINESS.

- 1 Happiness, thou lovely name,  
Where's thy seat, O tell me where ?  
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
All cry out, " It is not here : "  
Not the wisdom of the wise  
Can inform me where it lies ;  
Not the grandeur of the great  
Can the bliss I seek create.
- 2 Object of my first desire,  
Jesus, crucified for me !  
*All to happiness aspire,*  
*Only to be found in thee :*

Thee to praise, and thee to know,  
 Constitute our bliss below !  
 Thee to see, and thee to love,  
 Constitute our bliss above.

- 3** Lord, it is not life to live,  
     If thy presence thou deny :  
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,  
     'Tis no longer death to die :  
**4** Source and giver of repose,  
     Singly from thy smile it flows ;  
 Peace and happiness are thine,  
     Mine they are if thou art mine.  
**4** Whilst I see thy love to me,  
     Ev'ry object teems with joy ;  
 Here, O may I walk with thee,  
     Then into thy presence fly !  
 Let me but thyself possess,  
     Total sum of happiness !  
 Real bliss I then shall prove ;  
     Heav'n below, and heav'n above.

TOPLADY.

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THE POWER OF GOD.

- 1** The Lord our God is full of might,  
     The winds obey his will ;  
 He speaks, and in his heav'nly height  
     The rolling sun stands still.  
**2** Rebel ye waves, and o'er the land  
     With threat'ning aspect roar,

The Lord uplifts his awful hand  
And chains you to the shore.

- 3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine,  
Without his high behest,  
Ye shall not in the mountain-pine  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,  
In distant peals it dies ;  
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,  
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations bend, in rev'rence bend,  
Ye monarchs wait his nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate the God !

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THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 The Lord our God is Lord of all,  
His station who can find ?  
I hear him in the waterfall !  
I hear him in the wind !
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,  
His face I cannot fly,  
I see him in the evening cloud,  
And in the morning sky.
- 3 He lives, he reigns, in ev'ry land  
*From winter's polar snows,*  
*To where across the burning sand*  
*'The blasting meteor glows.*

- 4 He smiles, we live—he frowns, we die—  
 We hang upon his word :  
 He rears his red right arm on high,  
 And ruin bares his sword.
- 5 He bids his blasts the fields deform—  
 Then, when his thunders cease,  
 Sits like the ruler of the storm,  
 And smiles the winds to peace !

H. K. WHITE.

---

DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

- 1 O think that, while you're weeping here,  
 His hand a golden harp is stringing,  
 And, with a voice serene and clear,  
 His ransom'd soul, without a tear,  
 His Saviour's praise is singing !
- 2 And think that all his pains are fled,  
 His toils and sorrows clos'd for ever ;  
 While He, whose blood for man was shed,  
 Has placed upon his servant's head  
 A crown that fadeth néver !
- 3 And think that, in that awful day,  
 When darkness sun and moon is shading,  
 The form that, 'midst its kindred clay,  
 Your trembling hands prepare to lay,  
 Shall rise to life unfading !
- 4 Then weep no more for him who's gone  
 Where sin and suff'ring ne'er shall  
 enter ;

But on that great High Priest alone,  
 Who can for guilt like ours atone,  
 Your own affections centre !

- 5 For thus, while round your lowly bier  
     Surviving friends are sadly bending,  
     Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,  
     Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,  
     Faith lightest pinions lending.
- 6 And thus, when to the silent tomb  
     Your lifeless dust like his is given,  
     Like faith shall whisper, 'midst the gloom,  
     That yet again, in youthful bloom,  
     That dust shall smile in heaven !

R. H.

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SUMMER.

Summer looks out ! how green and gay  
     Is earth, how bright her flowers !  
     'Tis nature's merry holiday,  
     And these her white-winged hours ;  
     The winter winds are hushed to rest,  
     And storms, no more revealing  
     Their terrors, sleep,—on ocean's breast  
     The wanton breeze is stealing.

Where's now the frost that chained the brook,  
     And storm that heaved the sea ?  
     The wild wind that the forest shook,  
     The snow that clad the lea ?

Winter ! thou'rt fled, and men rejoice,  
And every bird in tune  
Puts forth its little warbling voice,  
To welcome laughing June.

Thus when upon the 'nighted one,  
A weary wanderer driven,  
A castaway, unsought, undone,  
First shines the peace of heaven :  
When the fair Sun of Righteousness  
In splendour, brightly glowing,  
Breaks through the sundering storm to bless  
That heart to overflowing—  
  
O where's the tempest that had spent  
Its fury on the broken ? .  
For see! the cloud of anguish rent,  
Reveals the rainbow token :  
Lovely, when wintry storms depart,  
Summer's glad smile to see ;  
Lovelier, when feels my drooping heart,  
One look, O God ! from Thee.

TAPPAN.

## DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

1 O grieve not for him with the wildness of  
sorrow,  
As those who in hopeless despondency  
weep;  
From God's holy word consolation we  
borrow,  
For souls who in Jesus confidingly sleep.

- 2 Lament not your lov'd one, but triumph  
the rather, [Lamb  
To think of the promise; the pray'r of the  
"Your joy shall be full," and "I will, oh  
my Father !  
That those whom thou giv'st me may be  
where I am."
- 3 His own sacred lip the assurance had  
given;  
Believe on your God, on your Saviour  
believe;  
I go to prepare you a mansion in heaven  
And, quickly returning, my own will re-  
ceive.
- 4 And was it not so with your darling  
when saying,  
The gate would unclose, and the Saviour  
appear? [veying  
Like Stephen, the glory of Jesus sur-  
He breath'd out his spirit with "Lord,  
am here."
- 5 And where is that spirit? washed white  
in the fountain,  
Presented unblameably pure at the throne  
The love and the mercy of Jesus recount-  
ing, [own  
To souls that are dwelling in joy like hi-
- 6 In rapture unsated, in glory unclouded,  
He rests before God with the angels  
light;

Till the form in corruption and darkness  
now shrouded  
Shall rise at the triumph with the soul to  
unite.

7 Refin'd from all grossness, and purg'd  
from its leaven,  
Its sins blotted out, and its sorrows all fled,  
Made meet for a bright habitation in  
heaven,  
O! who would not rest with the justified  
dead?

8 Nay, weep not for him—for the flow'r of  
the morning—  
So dear to your bosom, so fair in your eyes,  
But weep for the souls unbelievingly  
scorning  
The counsel and truth of the “God only  
wise.”

9 He came to the cross when his young  
cheek was blooming,  
And rais'd to the Lord the bright glance  
of his eye;  
And when o'er its beauty death's dark-  
ness was glooming,  
The cross did uphold him, the Saviour  
was nigh.

10 I saw the black pall o'er his relics ex-  
tended,  
I wept, but they were not the tear-drops  
of wo:

The pray'r of my soul that in fervour  
ascended,  
Was, "Lord, when thou callest, like him  
may I go." ANON.

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## VANITY OF EARTHLY ENJOYMENT.

- 1 The rush may rise where waters flow,  
And flags beside the stream;  
But soon their verdure fades and dies  
Before the scorching beam:
- 2 So is the sinner's hope cut off ;  
Or, if it transient rise,  
'Tis like the spider's airy web,  
From ev'ry breath that flies.
- 3 Fix'd on his house he leans; his house  
And all its props decay :  
He holds it fast; but while he holds,  
The tott'ring frame gives way.
- 4 Fair, in his garden, to the sun  
His boughs with verdure smile;  
And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots  
Unshaken stand awhile.
- 5 But forth the sentence flies from heav'n,  
That sweeps him from his place ;  
Which then denies him for its lord,  
Nor owns it knew his face.
- 6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men,  
Who heav'n's high laws despise:  
*They quickly fall; and in their room,*  
*As quickly others rise.*

7 But, for the just, with gracious care,  
 God will his pow'r employ;  
 He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,  
 And fill their hearts with joy.

LOGAN.

—  
SIMEON'S PROPHECY.

The Temple of the Lord is still,  
 Forsaken are the golden shrines ;  
 Upon Moriah's holy hill,  
 The day-beam of Salvation shines :  
 And hark ! a voice along her halls  
 Is heard, in strains of prophecy ;  
 " Awake, Jerusalem ! — thy walls  
 Rebuild, thy glory draweth nigh.  
 " Now, Israel, shall thy tumults cease,  
 Up, Judah ! and with songs adore ;  
 My waiting spirit ! go in peace,  
 Thou hast beheld — what need'st thou more ?"  
 'Tis Inspiration's awful voice,  
 The utterance of fleeing breath ;  
 The soul recalled to bid rejoice,  
 When quivering at the gate of death.  
 Yes, favoured one ! 'tis thine to trace  
 His lineaments who dwelt of old ;  
 Those withered arms, in strong embrace,  
 The HOPE of untold worlds enfold :  
 I see thee, man of wintry hairs !  
 I see the lightning of that eye ;  
 I tremble, while its glance declares  
 The mystic Godhead passes by.

'Thou holy Seer! what visions rise,  
In long perspective on thy soul ;  
Ages of glory meet thine eyes,  
And unborn years before thee roll :  
Who would not die as thou would'st die,  
When Light and Life attend the bed ?  
Who would not wish, like thee, to lie  
Where blessings crown the faithful dead !

TAPPAN.

—  
FAITH.

- 1 My Father knows my feeble frame,  
He knows how poor a worm I am;  
Untold he knows it all:  
The least temptation serves to draw  
My footsteps from my Father's law,  
And make me slide and fall.
- 2 Of this I give him daily proof,  
And yet he does not cast me off,  
But owns me still as his;  
He spares, he pities, he forgives  
The most rebellious child that lives,  
So great his patience is.
- 3 And shall I then a pretext draw,  
Again to violate his law?  
My soul revolts at this :  
*I'll love, and wonder, and adore,*  
*And beg that I may sin no more,*  
*Against such love as his.*

- 4 O love divine! eternal source  
Of good to man, I mark thy course,  
I mark it with delight;  
To Bethlehem I follow thee,  
And there the wondrous Babe I see,  
A cheering, glorious sight.**
- 5 I trace thee thence to Calvary,  
And there the "Man of Sorrows" see,  
His body bath'd in blood;  
The stream I follow'd from its source,  
Now pours with a resistless force,  
A rapid swelling flood.**
- 6 Its waters health and healing bring,  
They make the waste rejoice and sing,  
Their progress thus we trace;  
They pour their virtues through the earth,  
They fill the world with sacred mirth,  
And gladden ev'ry place.**

KELLY.

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THE POWER OF GOD.

- 1 Shall mortal man, a child of earth,  
Who yesterday receiv'd his birth  
From God's all-bounteous hand;  
Shall *he*, whilst sojourning below,  
Presume th' Almighty's plans to know,  
His ways to understand?**
- 2 He rides upon the stormy deep,  
*His watchful eyes, that never sleep,*  
Wide o'er creation roll;**

And from his high empyreal throne,  
Views, with one glance, the torrid zone  
And ice-surrounded pole.

- 3 His paths the trackless waters are,  
The winged whirlwind is his car,  
His wheels the hurricane:  
His fiery coursers, bounding, fly,  
Borne rapid through th' ethereal sky,  
Or o'er the foaming main!
- 4 Earth, as he passes, shakes with fear,  
'Th' infernal spirits, when they hear,  
To deeper caverns fly;  
Fierce, blazing lightnings mark his way,  
Behind him pealing thunders play  
Their dread artillery!
- 5 His wisdom, infinite and vast,  
Shall, through eternal ages, last,  
Unchangeably the same;  
While in the dreary shades of hell,  
His justice so inflexible,  
Proclaims his awful name.
- 6 Before the earth or worlds were made,  
His vast eternal plans were laid  
In wisdom and in love;  
And what the Almighty *then* designed  
*Is finished* in th' eternal mind!  
His purpose cannot move.
- 7 *Ah! then suppress each rising sigh,*  
*Nor dare to ask the Almighty why,*  
*Or what his hands perform;*

Submit to his all wise decrees,  
 Whose power can calm the raging seas  
 Or raise them to a storm!

RAFFLES.

## THE HEAVENLY REST.

- 1 Lord, I believe a rest remains  
     To all thy people known:  
     A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
     And thou art loved alone.
- 2 Celestial Spirit, make me know  
     That I shall enter in;  
     Now, Saviour, now thy pow'r bestow,  
     And wash me from my sin.
- 3 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
     This unbelief remove;  
     To me the rest of faith impart,  
     The Sabbath of thy love.
- 4 Come, O my Saviour, come away,  
     Into my soul descend;  
     No longer from thy creature stay,  
     My author and my end.

WESLEY.

## INVITATION TO THE YOUNG.

- 1 Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
     In smiling crowds draw near,  
     And turn from every mortal charm  
     A Saviour's voice to hear.

## SACRED POETRY.

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- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my grace  
"Is sure my love to gain;  
"And those that early seek my face  
"Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move  
If once compared with thee?  
What beauty should command my love  
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away ye false delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
For here true bliss I find!

DODDRIDGE.

## THE INCARNATION.

Jerusalem awakes,  
Her giant shadows flee;  
Night's sentinel forsakes  
The hills of Galilee;  
And scatt'ring tints of morn have met  
Above the brow of Olivet.

In ruins slept a world,  
Once innocent and fair;  
*His* banner Sin unfurled,  
And Death trod proudly there;  
Darkness held empire, till afar,  
Symbol of hope, rose Bethlehem's ♫

The angel choir that night  
 Brought tidings down to man ;  
 On floods of wavy light,  
 Celestial music ran ;  
 " Glory to God ! good will to earth,<sup>1</sup>  
 Salvation by Immanuel's birth ! "

Light broke on Syrian plains  
 To cheer a world in wo ;  
 And there were heard the strains  
 That none but angels know ;  
 That light shall shine from sun to sun,  
 That song through every clime shall run.

The chambers of the tomb  
 Yield renovating breath ;  
 He snatched from these their gloom,  
 And victory from death ;  
 Now spices flow along that bed,  
 Now Resurrection crowns the dead.

TAPPAN.

—  
MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

- 1 When restless on my bed I lie,  
 Still courting sleep which still will fly,  
 Then shall reflection's brighter pow'r  
 Illume the lone and midnight hour.
- 2 If hush'd the breeze and calm the tide,  
 Soft will the stream of mem'ry glide,  
 And all the past, a gentle train,  
 Wak'd by remembrance, live again.

- 3 Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,  
Belov'd till life's last throb shall cease,  
Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth,  
A future bliss unknown on earth.
- 4 His faithful counsel, tender care,  
Unwearied love, and humble pray'r;  
O these still claim the grateful tear,  
And all my drooping courage cheer.
- 5 If loud the wind, the tempest high,  
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,  
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,  
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.
- 6 Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,  
O mark my trembling soul and save;  
Give to my view that harbour near,  
Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

NOEL.

---

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

---

- 1 Sweet babe, she glanc'd into our world  
to see  
A sample of our misery,  
Then turned away her languid eye  
To drop a tear or two and die.  
Sweet babe, she tasted of life's bitter cup,  
Refused to drink the potion up !  
But turn'd her little head aside,  
Disgusted with the taste, and died.  
Sweet babe, she listen'd for awhile to  
hear  
*Our mortal griefs, then turn'd her ear*

To angels' harps and songs, and cried,  
To join their notes celestial, sighed and  
died.

2 Sweet babe no more, but seraph now  
Before the throne behold her bow,  
To heav'nly joys her spirit flies  
Blest in the triumph of the skies,  
Adores the grace that brought her there  
Without a wish—without a care,  
That wash'd her soul in Calv'ry's stream  
That shorten'd life's distressing dream.  
Short pain—short grief—dear babe, was  
thine,  
Now joys eternal and divine.

3 Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome  
sing,  
Thine infant spirit soars on angel's wing;  
Our dark affection might have hoped thy  
stay,  
The voice of God has called His child  
away.  
Like Samuel early in the temple found,  
Sweet Rose of Sharon, plant of holy  
ground,  
Oh ! more than Samuel blest, to thee 'tis  
given,  
The God he serv'd on earth, to serve in  
Heaven.

CUNNINGHAM.

## PROSPECT OF GLORY.

- 1 O Zion! when I think of thee,  
I long for pinions like the dove;  
And mourn to think that I should be  
So distant from the land I love.
- 2 A captive exile far from home,  
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh,  
With ransom'd kindred there to com  
And see Messiah eye to eye.
- 3 While here I walk on hostile ground  
The few that I can call my friends  
Are, like myself, in fetters bound,  
And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But yet we hope to see the day  
When Zion's children shall return  
When all our griefs shall flee away,  
And we no more again shall mourn.
- 5 The thought that such a day will come  
Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet;  
Tho' now we wander far from home,  
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

## THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson ting'd its braided hair;  
*Long* had I watched the glory moving  
*O'er* the still radiance of the lake below;  
*T*rue to its spirit seem'd, and floated free;  
*E'en* in its very motion there was

While ev'ry breath of eve that chanc'd to  
blow,  
Watfed the trav'ller to the beauteous west.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss  
is giv'n,  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onward to the golden gates of  
heav'n;  
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

## UNION OF CHRISTIANS.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,  
In union sweet according minds!  
How swift the heav'nly course they run,  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes  
are one.
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!  
What zealous love, what holy fear!  
How doth the generous flame within  
Refine from earth, and guard from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes for ever flow  
For human guilt and mortal wo!  
Their ardent pray'r's together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place  
Where God reveals his gracious face:

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- How high, how strong their raptures  
swell,  
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,  
When nature drops her sick'ning fire;  
Then shall they meet in realms above,  
A heav'n of joy, because of love.

ANON.

---

THE YEAR.

'Thou unknown fragment of that scroll  
Whose signet was, ere Time began,  
Ocean, whose waves were wont to roll  
Ere God from nothing fashioned man,  
Whence art thou, evanescent Year?  
Atom! declare, what dost thou here?

Is it, perchance, to mock awhile,  
With added moments, life's poor day?  
With cheating vision to beguile  
Man that appears and hastes away?  
Deceitful tide! thy meteor wave,  
Buoy's him, yet bears him to his grave.

Wilt thou not like the other years  
That were before thee, disappear?  
Why com'st thou with thy dreams and tears,  
Thy burdens, melancholy year?  
'Tis fit thou too should'at come and go,  
For nought unchanging is below.

'Tis fit that all should fade and die,  
Yea, Ruin's voice shall shake the spheres ;  
The yellow leaf that sails on high,  
The weary date of days and years,  
Alike pass on and are forgot,  
Once here, but now remembered not.

And let them pass, for what but dust  
Are wheeling worlds, and what are we ?  
Creatures, from frailty formed at first,  
Yet, linked to an eternity,  
When ruined worlds on worlds shall roll,  
Still lives the disembodied soul.

TAPPAN.

## COMFORT IN AFFLCTION.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown :  
No traveller ever reach'd that blest abode,  
Who found not thorns and briers on his road.  
O balmy gales of soul-reviving air !  
O salutary streams that murmur there !  
These flowing from the fount of grace above,  
Those breath'd from lips of everlasting love,  
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys,  
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing  
joys ;  
An envious world will interpose its frown,  
To mar delights superior to its own ;  
And many a pang experienc'd still within,

## SACRED POETRY.

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Reminds them of their hated inmate Sin ;  
But ills of every shape and ev'ry name  
Transform'd to blessings, miss their cruel  
aim;  
And ev'ry moment's calm that sooths the  
breast  
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

COWPER.

## RESIGNATION.

- 1 When musing sorrow weeps the past,  
And mourns the present pain ;  
How sweet to think of peace at last,  
And feel that death is gain !
- 2 'Tis not that murmur'ring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will ;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heav'n-taught faith surveys,  
The path to realms of light ;  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that hope with ardour glows,  
To see Him face to face,  
Whose dying love no language know !  
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is that harass'd conscience feels  
'The pangs of struggling sin ;

Sees, though afar, the band that heals,  
And ends her war within.

- 6 Oh! let me wing my hallow'd flight  
From earth-born wo and care;  
And soar beyond these realms of night,  
My Saviour's bliss to share.

NOEL.

---

DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

- 1 When a believer yields his breath,  
I follow him with eyes of faith  
Where sense can see no more;  
Methinks I see him spread his wings,  
And soar above material things,  
To yon celestial shore.
- 2 No tongue can tell, no fancy paint,  
What transport fills th' enraptur'd saint,  
Of paradise possess'd:  
His wants abundantly supplied,  
His wishes fully satisfied,  
Himself supremely blest!
- 3 But what occasions so much joy?  
Or what can now his pow'r's employ,  
That yields him such delight?  
'Tis Jesus on his heav'nly throne,  
Who sav'd and claim'd him for his own;  
What object half so bright?
- 4 How far is what he saw below,  
Or all he had the pow'r to know,  
By what he sees excell'd!

The clouds that interpos'd before,  
Obstruct his clearer view no more;  
And Jesus stands reveal'd.

- 5 But see, he joins the ransom'd throng,  
And swells the grand triumphant song  
“ Of Moses and the Lamb.”  
Jesus, the object of their praise;  
The Lord, who deign'd such worms to  
raise;  
Th' unsearchable “ I AM !”
- 6 O may we know the Saviour's grace;  
And then in heaven behold his face,  
On wings angelic borne ;  
For this let men our hope contemn ;  
Well pleas'd we'll smile and pity them,  
And haste beyond their scorn.

KELLY.

ODE

Written for the second Anniversary of the Ameri-  
can Sunday-School Union—1826.

If this low vale of strife and tears  
Were never sunned by Mercy's beam,  
Where gladness now, O God, appears,  
How dark would thy creation seem !  
Revealed in splendours was thy Name,  
When Morn her banners first unfurled ;  
Yet lovelier is the Light that came,  
Shedding Redemption o'er a world.

To this high impulse man has bowed,  
And frigid hearts have learned to love ;  
The fierce are humbled—on the proud  
Sits meekness, like a peaceful dove :  
Now are the mighty of the earth  
Workers with God—now hoary Age  
Pants to partake the second birth,  
Now children are his heritage.

Earth has a theme allied to Heaven,  
And joys like those that linger there,  
When to these lisping ones is given  
The artless eloquence of prayer ;  
They waken, too, a trembling string,  
—While holy rapture warms and thrills,  
With hymns as sweet as seraphs sing  
Upon those everlasting hills.

Our hearts rejoice—our bosoms glow—  
This hour what cheering visions rise !  
These children, nurtured thus below,  
Shall swell the assemblies of the skies !  
Glorious will be his diadem,  
And songs and ecstasies unknown,  
Who forms for God one beauteous gem  
To sparkle on the eternal throne !

TAPPAN.

## THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

- 1 There is a family on earth,  
Whose Father fills a throne ;  
But, though a seed of heavenly birth,  
*To men they're little known.*

- 2 Whene'er they meet the public eye,  
They feel the public scorn;  
For men their fairest claims deny,  
And count them basely born.
- 3 But 'tis the King who reigns above  
That claims them for his own;  
The favoured objects of his love,  
And destined to a throne.
- 4 The honours that belong to them,  
By *men* are set at naught;  
Whatever shines not *they* contemn  
Unworthy of a thought!
- 5 But, ah! how little they reflect!  
For, mark, the unerring word!  
“ That which with men has most respect,  
“ Is odious to the Lord.”
- 6 Were honours evident to sense,  
Their portion here below;  
The world would do them reverence,  
And all their claims allow.
- 7 But when the King himself was here,  
His claims were set at naught:  
Would they another lot prefer?  
Rejected be the thought!
- 8 No! they will tread, while here below,  
The path their master trod;  
Content all honour to forego  
But that which comes from God.

- 9 And when the King again appears,  
 He'll vindicate their claim;  
 Eternal honours shall be theirs:  
 Their foes be filled with shame.

KELLY.

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EVENING HYMN.

- 1 Interval of grateful shade,  
 Welcome to my weary head !  
 Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,  
 Tired with glaring vanities !  
 My great Master still allows  
 Needful periods of repose.
- 2 But my heavenly Father blest,  
 Thus I give my powers to rest ;  
 Heavenly Father ! Gracious name !  
 Night and day his love the same !  
 Far be each suspicious thought !  
 Every anxious care forgot.
- 3 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,  
 Crown'st my days with various good :  
 Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,  
 These defenceless hours shall keep.  
 Blest vicissitude to me !  
 Day and night I'm still with thee.

DODDRIDGE.

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PART SECOND.

- 1 What though downy slumbers flee,  
 Strangers to my couch and me ?

**Sleepless, well I know to rest,  
Lodged within my Father's breast.**

- 2 **While the empress of the night  
Scatters mild her silver light;  
While the vivid planets stray  
Various through their mystic way :**
  - 3 **While the stars, unnumbered, roll  
Round the ever-constant pole;  
Far above these spangled skies  
All my soul to God shall rise.**
  - 4 **'Midst the silence of the night,  
Mingling with those angels bright,  
Whose harmonious voices raise  
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise :**
  - 5 **'Midst the throng his gentle ear  
Shall my tuneless accents hear:  
From on high doth he impart  
Secret comfort to my heart.**
  - 6 **He, in these serenest hours  
Guides my intellectual powers,  
And his spirit doth diffuse  
Sweeter far than midnight dews;**
  - 7 **Lifting all my thoughts above  
On the wings of faith and love:  
Blest alternative to me,  
Thus to sleep or wake with thee !**
- 

#### THE PARTING SPIRIT.

- 1 **Farewell thou vase of splendour,  
I need thy light no more:**

- No brilliance dost thou render  
The world to which I soar.**
- 2 Nor sun nor moonbeam brightens  
Those regions with a ray,  
But God himself enlightens  
Their one eternal day.**
- 3 Farewell, sweet nature! waving  
With fruits and flow'rets fair;  
Of these but little craving  
Of what thou well canst spare,—**
- 4 Only an earthly pillow  
To bear my death-cold head;  
And the turf and drooping willow  
To deck my lowly bed.**
- 5 The world to which I'm going  
Has fairer fruit than thine,  
Life's rivers ever flowing,  
And skies that ever shine.**
- 6 Farewell each dearest union  
That bless'd my earthly hours,  
We yet shall hold communion  
In amaranthine bowers.**
- 7 The love that seems forsaken  
When friends in death depart,  
In heav'n again shall waken,  
And repossess the heart.**
- 8 The harps of heav'n steal o'er me,  
I see the jasper wall,—  
Jesus, who pass'd before me,  
And God, the judge of all!**

SACRED POETRY.

, sang the parting spirit,  
While round flow'd many a tear,  
Then spread her wings t' inherit  
Her throne in yonder sphere.

EDMESTON.

THE HAVEN.

- When the dang'rous rocks are past,—  
When the threat'ning tempests cease,—  
O! how sweet to rest at last  
In a silent port of peace!  
2 Though that port may be unknown,  
Though no chart its name may bear,  
Brightly beams its light on one,  
Blest to find his refuge there.  
3 Life! thou art the storm—the rock :  
Death! the friendly port thou art ;—  
Haven from the tempest's shock,  
Welcoming the wand'r'er's heart.  
4 Yea, I see from yonder tomb  
Promis'd peace and tranquil rest ;  
Death! my haven ! I shall come :  
Sooth me on my mother's breast !

RUSSIAN POETRY.

LOVE OF GOD.

Oh ! never, never canst thou know  
What then for thee the Saviour bore,  
The pangs of that mysterious wo  
That wrung his frame at ev'ry pore,

The weight that press'd upon his brow,  
 The fever of his bosom's core !  
**Yes ! man for man perchance may brave  
 'The horrors of the yawning grave ;  
 And friend for friend, or child for sire,  
 Undaunted and unmov'd expire,  
 From love—or piety—or pride.  
 But who can die as Jesus died ?**

A sweet but solitary beam,  
 An emanation from above,  
 Glimmers o'er life's uncertain dream,—  
 We hail that beam and call it Love !  
**But fainter than the pale star's ray  
 Before the noontide blaze of day,  
 And lighter than the viewless sand  
 Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,  
 Is all of love that man can know,—  
 All that in angel-breasts can glow,—  
 Compar'd, O Lord of Hosts ! with thine,  
 Eternal—fathomless—divine !  
 That love, whose praise, with quenchless fire,  
 Inflames the blest seraphic choir ;  
 Where perfect rapture reigns above,  
 And love is all—for Thou art Love !**

DALE.

—  
UNION OF CHRISTIANS.

**I Our earthly ties are weak,  
 Whereon we dare not rest :  
 For time dissolves, and death will break  
 The sweetest and the best.**

Yet there's a tie which must remain,  
Which time and death assault in vain.

- 2 The kindred links of life are bright,  
    Yet not so bright as those  
    In which Christ's favour'd friends unite,  
        And each on each repose.  
Where all the hearts in union cling  
    With Him, the centre and the spring.
- 3 The friends of Jesus, join'd to think,  
    With one desire and aim,  
    A chain, wherein link answers link,  
        A heav'ly kindred claim.  
And oh ! how sweet, wherein each mind  
    A throb to echo their's they find.
- 4 Though lovely many an earthly flow'r,  
    Its beauty fades and flies ;  
    But they unchanging form a bow'r  
        To bloom in Paradise.  
Sprung from the true immortal vine,  
    In Him they live, and round him twine.
- 5 Their bond is not an earthly love,  
    By nature's fondness nurs'd :  
    As they love him who reigns above,  
        Because he lov'd them first ;  
So they all minor ties disown,  
    The sweetest—for his sake alone.

ANON.

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ON HAPPINESS.

- 1 True happiness is not the growth of earth;  
    The search is useless if you seek it there.

**"Tis an exotic of celestial birth,  
And only blossoms in celestial air.**

- 2 Sweet plant of Paradise ! its seed is sown  
In here and there a plant of heavenly  
mould ;  
It rises slow and buds, but ne'er was known  
To blossom here—the climate is too  
cold.**
- 5.
- 

**GOD UNCHANGEABLE.**

- 1 Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;  
Not seldom ev'ning, in the west,  
Sinks smilingly forsown.**
- 2 The smoothest seas will sometimes prove  
'To the confiding bark untrue ;  
And if she trusts the stars above,  
They can be treach'rrous too.**
- 3 The umbrageous tree, in pomp outspread,  
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,  
Draws lightning down upon the head  
It promis'd to defend.**
- 4 But thou art true, incarnate Lord !  
Who did'st vouchsafe for man to die,  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify.**
- 5 I bent before thy gracious throne,  
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee;**

And peace was giv'n—nor peace alone,  
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy.

WORDSWORTH.

**"ANGELS SENT TO MINISTER."**

- 1 And is there care in heav'n? and is there  
    love  
In heav'ly spirits to these creatures base,  
'That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is; else much more wretched were  
    the case  
Of men than beasts. But oh, the exceeding  
    grace  
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth em-  
    brace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man,—to serve his  
    wicked foe.
- 2 How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us, that succour want;  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivants  
Against foul fiend to aid us militant.  
They for us fight, they watch and duly  
    ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about  
    us plant;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward:  
Oh! why should heav'ly God to man have  
    such regard!

SPENSER.

**PRAISE FOR THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.**

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,**  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
**And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,**  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see**  
That fountain in his day ;  
**And there have I, as vile as he,**  
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood**  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
**Till all the ransom'd church of God**  
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream**  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
**Redeeming love has been my theme,**  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song**  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,  
**When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue**  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd**  
(Unworthy tho' I be,)  
**For me a blood-bought free reward,**  
A golden harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,**  
And form'd by pow'r divine,

To sound in God the Father's ears  
 No other name but thine.

COWPER.

## PROSPECT OF DEATH.

- 1 How joyous will that moment be,  
 When, first from mortal fetters freed,  
 This dear abode we willing flee,  
 And soaring swift to bliss we speed!
- 2 So strange, so sweet, that change will come  
 With wond'ring joy our spirits rise  
 In glory to that long-lost home  
 We oft have sought with weeping eyes
- 3 The suff'rer, 'mid his dying strife,  
 Ne'er felt such balm his soul surprise,  
 When he who call'd him first to life,  
 From death's chill couch once bid him rise.
- 4 Such glowing life, or beauty bright,  
 Ne'er on the blind fresh vision broke,  
 When he who said let there be light !  
 Again that word in mercy spoke.
- 5 'Tis still his voice that bids us rise,  
 When death's dark shade hath o'er us pass'd ;  
 It is not life but death that dies,  
 When the thick shroud is round us cast
- 6 Though mortals weep a creature dead,  
 Yet angels hail a brother born ;

The body sinks to night's dark bed,  
The spirit hails an endless morn.

ROBY.

GRAVE OF THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR.

There is a spot—a lovely spot,  
Embosom'd in a valley's dell ;  
The eye of splendour marks it not,  
Nor trav'lers of its beauties tell.

The hazel forms a green bow'r there;  
Beneath, the grassy cov'ring lies ;  
And forest flowers surpassing fair,  
Mingle their soft and lovely dies.

Morn decks the spot with many a gem,  
And the first break of eastern ray  
Lights up a spark in each of them  
That seems to hail the op'ning day.

When first that beam of morning breaks,  
The fancy here a smile may see,  
Like that when first the saint awakes  
At dawn of immortality.

The free birds love to seek the shade,  
And here they sing their sweetest lays;  
Meet requiem!—He who there is laid  
Breath'd his last dying voice in praise.

And here the villager will stray,  
What time his daily work is done,  
When ev'ning sheds the western ray  
*Of sweet departing summer sun.*

- 8 The holy cautions that I  
The pray'rs he breath'd  
wept,—  
Yet linger here, though  
Through many a year,
- 9 And oft the villager has  
“O I remember, when  
He placed his hand upon  
“And bless'd me till  
smil'd.
- 10 “ ’Twas he that led me  
“ And taught me to  
“ The holy path which  
“ Oh! be it mine to
- 11 GRAVE OF THE RIGHTE  
The sweetest bloom  
Oh ! may I sleep in cou  
And with a hope as t

- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Tho' not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair :  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,  
But now my tears are vain ;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,  
“ I freely all forgive ;  
“ This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
“ I die, that thou mayst live.”
- 7 Thus while his death my sin displays  
In all its blackest hue,  
(Such is the mystery of grace,)  
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy  
My spirit now is fill'd,  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.

## MILLENNIUM.

- 1 But who shall see the glorious day  
   When, thron'd on Zion's brow,  
   The Lord shall rend that veil away  
     Which blinds the nations now?  
   When earth no more beneath the fear  
     Of his rebuke shall lie ;  
   When pain shall cease, and every tear  
     Be wip'd from every eye ?
- 2 Then Judah ! thou no more shalt mourn  
   Beneath the heathen's chain ;  
   Thy days of splendour shall return,  
     And all be new again.  
   The fount of life shall then be quaff'd,  
     In peace by all who come,  
   And ev'ry wind that blows shall waft  
     Some long-lost exile home.      MOORE

## THE BEACON.

- 1 The scene was more beautiful far to m  
     eye,  
   Than if day in its pride had array'd it  
   The land-breeze blew mild, and the azur  
     arch'd sky  
   Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.
- 2 The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd  
   On the shadowy waves' playful motion ;  
   From the dim distant isle till the beaten  
     fire blaz'd,  
   Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

- 3** No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast  
Was heard in his wildly-breath'd numbers;  
The sea-bird has flown to her wave-girdled nest,  
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
- 4** I sigh'd as I look'd from the hill's gentle slope;  
All hush'd was the billows' commotion:  
And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,  
That star of life's tremulous ocean.
- 5** The time is long past, and the scene is afar,  
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star  
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.
- 6** In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,  
And death stills the heart's last emotion,  
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,  
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

MOORE.



## DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

- 1** Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!—  
Silence is on all thy plains,—  
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,—  
'Thy children weep in chains.'

Where are the dews that fed thee  
On Etham's barren shore?

'That fire from Heaven which led  
Now lights thy path no more!

2 Lord, thou didst love Jerusalem!  
Once she was all thine own:  
Her love thy fairest heritage,  
Her pow'r thy glory's throne.  
Till evil came and blighted  
Thy long-loved olive tree;  
And Salem's shrines were lighted  
For other gods than thee.

5 Then sunk the star of Solyma,  
Then pass'd her glory's day,  
Like heath that in the wilderness  
The wild wind whirls away.  
Silent and waste her bowers,  
Where once the mighty trod,  
And sunk those guilty towers  
Where Baal reign'd as God.

4 " Go," said the Lord, " ye conquer  
" Steep in her blood your sword  
" And raze to earth her battlement  
" For they are not the Lord's;  
" Tell Zion's mournful daughter,  
" O'er kindred bones she'll tread  
" And Hinnom's hall of slaughter  
" Shall hide but half her dead."

5 But soon shall other pictur'd see  
In brighter vision rise,

When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine  
On all her mourners' eyes ;  
And on her mountains beauteous stand,  
The messengers of peace :  
"Salvation by the Lord's right hand !"  
They shout and never cease. MOORE.

—  
**PLEASURE NOT FOUND IN THE WORLD.**

- 1** In search of enjoyment I wander'd in vain,  
With a void in my bosom that nothing  
could fill ;  
For mirth's gayest smile was succeeded  
by pain,  
And the sweet cup of pleasure prov'd  
bitterness still.  
The young days of fancy roll'd rapidly by,  
And I shrunk with dismay from the fu-  
ture's dark gloom,  
Where the clay-fetter'd spirit must mourn  
till it die,  
And man has no rest but the rest of the  
tomb.
- 2** And yet I have revell'd in hope's fairy  
dream,  
And tasted the raptures of love's pur-  
est bliss :  
Delusive are both, though alluring they  
seem,  
Like vapours that gleam o'er a hidden  
abyss.

The proud thirst of glory was mine from  
 my birth,  
 But what can *this* world to ambition dis-  
 play,  
 Which grasps at the skies, but is bounded  
 by earth—  
 A spirit of fire in a prison of clay ?

- 3 And now I have heard of a nobler renown,  
 A kingdom unfading, a glory divine ;  
 But the humble alone shall inherit the  
 crown,  
 And how shall that kingdom of glory be  
 mine ?  
 Let my strength turn to weakness, my  
 honour to shame,  
 The reproach of the cross be my EARTH-  
 LY reward ;  
 All, all shall be welcome for one blessed  
 name,  
 The lowly disciple of Jesus the Lord.

DALE.

—  
**THE SAVIOUR WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.**

- 1 O Salem ! who, in proud disdain,  
 My faithful prophets slew ;  
 And soon, the cup of guilt to drain,  
 Wilt slay thy Saviour too !  
*How had my love thy children blest,*  
*Their deeds of blood forgot,*  
*And led them to eternal rest ;*  
*But they consented not.*

**2 Now shall thy house be desolate,  
 Thy glory now shall close ;  
 Nor leave one trace of ruined state,  
 To tell where Salem rose.  
 Nor shalt thou thy Redeemer see,  
 Nor hail thy crown restor'd,  
 Till thou shalt say, "How blest is he  
 Whom thou hast sent, O Lord!"**

DALE.

---

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

- 1 Thou art gone to the grave,—but we will  
 not deplore thee,  
 Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the  
 tomb,  
 The Saviour has pass'd through its portals  
 before thee,  
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide  
 through the gloom.**
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer  
 behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the world  
 by thy side :  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to  
 enfold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless  
 has died.**
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave,—and its man-  
 sion forsaking,  
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger-  
 ed long ;**

But the sunshine of heav'n beam'd bright  
on thy waking,  
And the song which thou heard'st was  
the seraphim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere  
wrong to deplore thee,  
When God was thy ransom, thy guar-  
dian, thy guide;  
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will  
restore thee,  
Where death hath no sting, since the  
Saviour hath died.      HEBER.

LINES ON READING THE LIFE OF HENRY  
MARTYN.

- 1 Oh ! long is that life which endeavours to  
measure  
The depth of devotion the bosom in-  
spires,  
That warm'd by the love of a perishing  
world,  
To publish the news of salvation aspires.
- 2 No hardships can daunt, no dangers alarm  
The servant of God in his perilous way;  
He knows that an arm Almighty will shield  
him  
From the wind's piercing blast and the  
sun's scorching ray.

**3** Though the bonds of affection unite him  
so closely

With the friends who to him are the  
dearest and best,—

Though he feel for his country with ardent  
emotion,

And the patriot's spirit beat high in his  
breast,

**4** Yet these all he leaves, and surrenders for  
ever

The joys that his country and friends  
can afford ;

Henceforward he looks for his country in  
heav'n,

And finds a sure friend in Christ Jesus  
his Lord.

**5** And such wert thou then, blessed servant  
of Jesus,

When death froze thy life-springs and  
wither'd thy bloom ;

When the tongue that proclaim'd once to  
poor dying sinners

The cross of a Saviour, was laid in the  
tomb.

**6** No friend stood beside thee to sooth thy  
last moments,

To soften thy pangs, or to close thy dim  
eye ;

No hand, in that hour, cared to smooth thy  
sick pillow,—

Thy couch was the earth, and thy curtain  
the sky.

- 7 No stone marks the spot where thine ashes  
are resting,—  
No tear has e'er hallow'd thy cold lone-  
ly grave,—  
But the wild warring winds whistle round  
thy bleak dwelling,  
And the fierce wint'ry torrent sweeps  
o'er 't with its wave.
- 8 But the heav'ly host sung their requiems  
o'er thee,  
And bore thee on high to the mansions  
above;  
Where, array'd all in white, and resplend-  
ent in glory,  
Thou reap'st the reward of thy zeal and  
thy love.
- 9 And Oh ! may thy friends, as the deep sigh  
escapes them,  
While they think that their hopes, once  
so bright, are all fled,  
Remember with joy thy zeal—thy devo-  
tion.  
And press on with ardour where Martyn has led.

T. M.

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RACHEL WEEPING FOR HER CHILDREN.

- 1 O weep not o'er thy children's tomb,  
O Rachel weep not so ;  
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,  
The flow'r in heav'n shall blow.

- 2 Firstlings of faith, the murd'rer's knife  
Has miss'd its deadly aim ;  
The God for whom they gave their life,  
For them to suffer came.
- 3 Though evil were their days and few,  
Baptiz'd in blood and pain :  
He knows them whom they never knew,  
And they shall live again.
- 4 O weep not o'er thy children's tomb,  
O Rachel weep not so ;  
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,  
The flow'r in heav'n shall blow.

HEBER.

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THE WORLD PASSES AWAY.

- 1 This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given ;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;  
There's nothing true but heaven !
- 2 And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even ;  
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,  
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb ;  
There's nothing bright but heaven !
- 3 Poor wand'lers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven ;

And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light the troubled way ;  
 There's nothing calm but heaven !

MOORE.

## THUNDER.

- 1 When in dark and dreadful gloom,  
 Clouds on clouds portentous spread,  
 Black as if the day of doom  
 Hung o'er nature's shrinking head :  
 When the lightning breaks from high,  
 God is coming—God is nigh !
- 2 Then we hear his chariot wheels,  
 As the mighty thunder rolls ;  
 Nature startles, nature reels,  
 From the centre to the poles :  
 Then the ocean, earth, and sky,  
 Tremble as he passes by !
- 3 Darkness, wild with horror, forms  
 His mysterious hiding-place ;  
 Should he from his ark of storms  
 Rend the veil and show his face,  
 At the judgment of his eye  
 All the universe would die.
- 4 God of vengeance ! from above,  
 While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,  
 O remember thou art love !  
 Spare, O spare a guilty world !  
 Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,  
 Let the bow of promise smile !

MONTGOMERY

## SIMPLICITY OF THE GOSPEL.

O how unlike the complex works of man,  
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan !  
No meretricious graces to beguile,  
No clust'ring ornaments to clog the pile ;  
From ostentation as from weakness free,  
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,  
Majestic in its own simplicity.  
Inscrib'd above the portal, from afar  
Conspicuous, as the brightness of a star,  
Legible only by the light they give,  
Stand the soul-quick'ning words—Believe  
and Live !

COWPER.

## THE GRAVE.

- 1 There is a calm for those who weep :  
A rest for weary pilgrims found :  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep.  
Low in the ground.
- 2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky,  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.
- 3 I long to lay this painful head,  
And aching heart, beneath the soil :  
To slumber in that dreamless bed  
From all my toil.
- 4 The grave, that never spoke before,  
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;

**O** listen ! I will speak no more !—  
Be silent, pride !

- 5** Art thou a mourner ? hast thou known  
The joy of innocent delights,  
Endearing days for ever flown,  
And tranquil nights ?
- 6** O live ! and deeply cherish still  
The sweet remembrance of the past ;  
Rely on heav'n's unchanging will  
For peace at last.
- 7** 'Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,  
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam ;  
Live ! thou shalt reach a shelt'ring port,  
A quiet home.
- 8** Seek the true treasure, seldom found,  
Of pow'r the fiercest griefs to calm,  
And sooth the bosom's deepest wound  
With heav'nly balm.
- 9** Whate'er thy lot—where'er thou be—  
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod ;  
And in thy chast'ning sorrows see  
The hand of God.
- 10** A bruised reed he will not break,  
Afflictions all his children feel ;  
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,  
He wounds to heal !
- 11** Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
Prostrate, his providence adore :

**'Tis done ! arise ! He bids thee stand,  
To fall no more.**

- 12 Now, trav'ller in the vale of tears !  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Thro' Time's dark wilderness of years  
Pursue thy flight.**
- 13 There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
And while the mould'ring ashes sleep  
Low in the ground,**
- 14 The soul, of origin divine,  
God's glorious image freed from clay,  
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day !**
- 15 The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky;  
The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
SHALL NEVER DIE !**

MONTGOMERY.

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RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

- 1 Come, my fond fluttering heart,  
Come, struggle to be free,  
Thou and the world must part,  
However hard it be :  
My trembling spirit owns it just,  
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.**
- 2 Ye tempting sweets forbear,  
Ye dearest idols fall ;**

But ah! thou must consent,

- 3 Ye fair enchanting throng!  
Ye golden dreams, farewell!  
Earth has prevail'd too long,  
And now I break the spell:  
Ye cherish'd joys of early years—  
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

- 4 But must I part with all?  
My heart still fondly pleads;  
Yes—Dagon's self must fall,  
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.  
Is there no balm in Gilead found,  
To sooth and heal the smarting w

- 5 O yes, there is a balm,  
A kind physician there,  
My fever'd mind to calm,  
To bid me not despair:  
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me fre  
    "    "    "    "    "    to thee.

## THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

- 1 Pilgrim, burden'd with thy sin,**  
**Come the way to Zion's gate ;**  
**'There, till mercy speaks within,**  
**Knock and weep, and watch and wait.**  
**Knock—he knows the sinner's cry,**  
**Weep—he loves the mourner's tears,**  
**Watch—for saving grace is nigh,**  
**Wait—till heavenly grace appears.**
- 2 Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice !**  
**"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest."**  
**Now within the gate rejoice,**  
**Safe and own'd, and bought and blest.**  
**Safe—from all the lures of vice,**  
**Own'd—by joys the contrite know,**  
**Bought—by love and life the price,**  
**Blest—the mighty debt to owe !**
- 3 Holy pilgrim ! what for thee**  
**In a world like this remains ?**  
**From thy guarded breast shall flee**  
**Fear and shame, and doubt and pains.**  
**Fear—the hope of heaven shall flee,**  
**Shame—from glory's view retire,**  
**Doubt—in full belief shall die,**  
**Pain—in endless bliss expire.**

ANON.

## MILTON ON HIS BLINDNESS.

**When I consider how my light is spent,**  
**Ere half my days in this dark world and**  
**wide,**

And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul  
     more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
     My true account, lest he return and chide.  
     “Doth God exact day-labour, light de-  
         nied?”

I fondly ask : but patience, to prevent  
     That murmur, soon replies,—“God doth  
         not need  
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who  
         best  
     Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ;  
         his state  
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,  
     And post o'er land and ocean, without  
         rest ;  
 They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

## GRACE OF GOD.

- 1 Grace does not steel the faithful heart,  
     That it should know no ill ;  
     We learn to kiss the chast'ning rod,  
         And feel its sharpness still.
- 2 But how unlike the Christian's tears  
     To those the world must shed !  
     His sighs are tranquil and resign'd  
         As the heart from which they sped.
- 3 The saint may be compell'd to meet  
     Misfortune's saddest blow ;

His bosom is alive to feel  
The keenest pang of wo.

- 4 But, ever as the wound is given,  
There is a hand unseen  
Hast'ning to wipe away the scar,  
And hide where it has been.
- 5 The Christian would not have his lot  
Be other than it is;  
For, while his Father rules the world,  
He knows that world is his.
- 6 He knows that he who gave the best,  
Will give him all beside;  
Assur'd that every good he asks  
Is evil, if denied.
- 7 When clouds of sorrow gather round,  
His bosom owns no fear;  
He knows, where'er his portion be,  
His God will still be there.
- 8 And when the threaten'd storm has burst,  
Whate'er the trial be,  
Something yet whispers him within,  
" Be still, for it is He !"
- 9 Poor nature, ever weak, will shrink  
From the afflictive stroke;  
But faith disclaims the hasty plaint  
Impatient Nature spoke.
- 10 He knows it is a Father's will,  
And therefore it is good ;

Nor would he venture, by a wish,  
To change it if he could.

- 11 His grateful bosom quickly learns  
Its sorrows to disown ;  
Yields to his pleasure, and forgets  
The choice was not his own.

MISS CAROLINE FRY.

YOUTH AND AGE.

- 1 The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,  
So calm are we when passions are no more!  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
- 2 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age describes:  
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and de-  
cay'd,  
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time  
has made.
- 3 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home ;  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they  
view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

WALLER.

*NONE UPON EARTH DESIRED BESIDES CHRIST.*

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see ;

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers

Have lost all their sweetness with me:  
The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay:  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice:  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear:  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd;  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind:  
While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore:  
Or let me be with thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

NEWTON.

## FRIENDS SEPARATED BY DEATH.

- 1 Friend after friend departs;  
 Who hath not lost a friend?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end!  
 Were this frail world our final rest,  
 Living or dying none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,—  
 Beyond the reign of death,—  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath;  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.
- 3 There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown;  
 A long eternity of love,  
 Form'd for the good alone:  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that glorious sphere!
- 4 Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are past away;  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day:  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 But hide themselves in heav'n's own light.

MONTGOMERY.

## PATIENCE.

- 1 Though the heart that sorrow chideith,  
 Sink in anguish and in care;

Yet, if patience still abideth,  
Hope shall paint her rainbow there.

- 2 Hope's bright lamp her light shall borrow  
From religion's blessed ray,  
And from many a coming morrow  
Charm the clouds of grief away.
- 3 Wherefore should we sigh and languish,  
Since our cares so soon shall cease?  
And the heart that sows in anguish,  
Shall hereafter reap in peace.
- 4 This is not a scene of pleasure,  
These are not the shores of bliss,  
We shall gain a brighter treasure,  
Find a dearer land than this.

ANOM.

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#### THE FLIGHT OF FAITH.

- 1 The dove let loose in eastern skies,  
Returning fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idle warblers roam :
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,  
Above all low delay ;  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, God, from earthly care,  
From pride and passion free,  
Aloft, through faith and love's pure air.  
*To hold my course to thee.*

- 4** No lure to tempt, no art to stay  
 My soul, as home she springs ;  
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
 Thy freedom on her wings.
- 

## THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

- 1** Tho' troubles assail, and dangers  
 Tho' friends should all fail, and  
 unite ;  
 Yet one thing secures us whatev.  
 The Scripture assures us the I  
 provide.
- 2** The birds without barn or storeh  
 fed,  
 From them let us learn to trus  
 bread;  
 His saints, what is fitting shall ne  
 nied,  
 So long as 'tis written, the Lord  
 vide.
- 3** We may, like the ships, by tem  
 tost  
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be  
 'Tho' Satan enrages the wind and  
 The promise engages the Lord  
 vide.
- 4** *His call we obey, like Abra'm of*  
**Not knowing our way, but faith**  
**bold ;**

For though we are strangers we have a  
good guide,  
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will  
provide.

- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
He cannot take from us, though oft he has  
tried,  
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord  
will provide

- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in  
vain,  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall ob-  
tain;  
But when such suggestions our spirits have  
plied,  
This answers all questions, the Lord will  
provide.

- 7 No strength of our own, or goodness we  
claim;  
Yet since we have known the Saviour's  
great name,  
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power, the Lord will pro-  
vide.

- 8 When life sinks apace, and death is in  
view,  
This word of his grace shall comfort us  
through:

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THE IDOL.

Whatever passes as a clo  
The mental eye of faith, a  
Causing that brighter wo  
Or seem less lovely, and it  
This is our world, our id  
Affection's impress or de

---

THE HIDING-PL

- 1 Hail, sov'reign love, that  
The scheme to rescue fal  
Hail, matchless, free, etc  
That gave my soul a hid
- 2 Against the God that rul  
I fought with hands upli  
Despis'd the mention of

I felt the terrors of distress,  
And found I had no hiding-place.

- 5 Indignant Justice stood in view !  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew :  
But Justice cried, with frowning face,  
" This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 6 Ere long a gracious voice I heard,  
And Mercy's heavenly form appear'd ;  
She led me on, with smiling face,  
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.
- 7 On him the tenfold vengeance fell,  
That would have sunk a world to hell ;  
He bore it for the chosen race,  
And thus became their hiding-place.
- 8 A few more rolling suns at most,  
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast ;  
There I shall sing the song of grace,  
And see my glorious hiding-place.

BREWER.

## WISDOM.

Ah ! when did wisdom covet length of days ?  
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth or  
praise ?  
No : wisdom views, with an indiff'rent eye,  
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.  
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,  
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast :

A spark that upward tends by nature's force,  
 A stream diverted from its parent source ;  
 A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea,  
 A moment parted from eternity !  
 A pilgrim panting for a rest to come ;  
 An exile anxious for his native home.

ANON.

—  
ANTICIPATION OF CELESTIAL GLORY.

- 1 As some lone captive on a foreign shore  
 Sighs to behold his native land once more,  
 Counts the dull hours before he break his chain,  
 And greet his lov'd, his long-lost home again ;
- 2 So, bound and fetter'd to her cell of clay,  
 Th' impatient spirit longs to burst away ;  
 Scorns the vain world for nobler realms above,  
 And burns to dwell in everlasting love.
- 3 In those blest regions of eternal day  
 No painful thorns obstruct the heav'nly way,  
 No earthly vapours dim th' expanding sight  
 From the pure blaze of uncreated light.
- 4 No grief is there, no tears of sorrow flow,  
 No bitter memory of a world of wo,

No ills, no wrongs, immortal joys molest,  
The wicked harm not, and the weary rest.

- 5 O! might we bid a last adieu to earth,  
And fly exulting to ethereal birth:  
Burst the weak bars that hold us pris'ners  
here,  
And view the glories of the heav'nly  
sphere:

- 6 Then wrapt in visions of celestial joy,  
While endless praises ev'ry tongue employ,  
Our ransom'd souls absorb'd in sacred  
bliss,  
Might see the great Redeemer as he is.

- 7 But first we must abide the gen'ral doom,  
And bow unto the dark and silent tomb,  
Death, the last foe, must first be overcome,  
Ere we can gain our long-desired home.

- 8 Oh! may we reach, this mortal conflict  
past,  
On wings of faith, that glorious state at  
last,  
Kept by his might, who triumphed o'er the  
grave,  
And died the just, an unjust world to save.

- 9 Then, when the mingling elements shall  
meet,  
And the firm earth consume with fervent  
heat;  
When wrapt in flames, and girt as with a  
robe  
*Of circling fire,* shall melt this solid globe.

10 When, all around, creation's pillars shake,  
And from their graves the sleeping dead  
awake,—  
That mighty voice, which rends the part-  
ing skies,  
May bid our waking dust to glory rise.

N. H.

—  
**UPON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.**

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish  
brings  
His dearest earthly treasure to these  
springs,  
Whoe'er, like me, to sooth distress and  
pain,  
Shall court these salutary springs in vain:  
Condeinn'd, like me, to hear the faint re-  
ply,  
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,  
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of  
death,  
And watch in dumb despair the short'ning  
breath:—  
If chance should bring him to this humble  
line,  
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were  
mine,  
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,  
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose  
beauty bless'd,  
Fram'd ev'ry tie that binds the heart,  
prove,

Her duty friendship, and her friendship  
love,  
But yet, rememb'ring that the parting sigh  
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die,  
The starting tear I check'd,—I kiss'd the  
rod,—  
And not to earth resign'd her, but to God !

LORD PALMERSTON.

WISDOM.

- 1 No more to fabled names confin'd,  
To Thee supreme, all-perfect Mind,  
My soul directs her flight ;  
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force  
From thee deriv'd, eternal Source  
Of intellectual light.
- 2 O send her sure, her steady ray  
To regulate my doubtful way  
Through life's perplexing road ;  
The mists of error to control,  
And, thro' its gloom, direct my soul  
To happiness and God.
- 3 Beneath her clear discerning eye  
The visionary shadows fly  
Of folly's painted show ;  
She sees, thro' every fair disguise,  
That all, but virtue's solid joys,  
Is vanity and wo.      MISS CARTER.

## HEAVEN.

The golden palace of my God  
 Tow'ring above the clouds I see :  
 Beyond the cherub's bright abode,  
 Higher than angels' thoughts can be,  
 How can I in those courts appear  
 Without a wedding-garment on ?  
 Conduct me, thou life-giver, there,  
 Conduct me to thy glorious throne !  
 And clothe me with thy robes of light,  
 And lead me through sin's darksome night,  
 My Saviour and my God.

## RUSSIAN POETRY.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

It matters little at what hour o' the day  
 The righteous falls asleep ; death cannot  
 come  
 To him untimely who is fit to die ;  
 The less of this cold world, the more of  
 heaven ;  
 'The briefer life the earlier immortality.'

MILMAN.

## MERCY.

1 Sweet were the sounds that reach'd our ears  
 When mercy rais'd her heav'nly voice ;  
 'Twas mercy that dispell'd our fears,  
 And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

- 2 All other sounds discordant seem,  
     Compar'd with mercy's heav'ly song;  
     So-sweet and joyful is the theme,  
         It bears our willing souls along.
- 3 O may we never cease to hear  
     The voice that gives our conscience rest,  
     That dissipates our guilty fear,  
         And tells us we are truly blest!
- 4 May mercy still remove our fear,  
     And bind our souls with cords of love!  
     Mercy that sooths our sorrows here,  
         And gives us hope of joys above.

KELLY.

*"O Lord, I know that in very faithfulness  
     thou hast afflicted me."*

- 1 For what shall I praise thee, my God<sup>\*</sup> and  
     my King?  
     For what blessings the tribute of gratitude  
         bring?  
     Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health,  
         and for ease,  
     For the spring of delight and the sunshine  
         of peace?
- 2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloom'd  
         on my breast,  
     For joys in perspective, and pleasures  
         possess'd?

For the spirits that heighten'd my days of  
delight,  
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow  
by night?

3 For this should I praise thee! but, if only  
for this,  
I should leave half-untold the donation of  
bliss:  
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for  
care,  
For the thorns I have gather'd, the anguish  
I bear:

4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and  
tears,  
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;  
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and  
my God,  
For the good and the evil thy hand hath  
bestow'd.

5 The flowers were sweet, but their fra-  
grance is flown,  
They yielded no fruits, they are wither'd  
and gone,  
The thorn it was poignant, but precious  
to me,—  
'Twas the message of mercy,—it led me  
to thee.

ANON.

## CHARITY.

Charity, decent, modest, easy kind,  
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;  
Knows, with just reins and gentle hand to  
guide

Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.  
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,  
And much she suffers as she much believes:  
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives,  
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;  
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,  
And opens in each breast a little heaven.  
When constant Faith and holy Hope shall  
die,

One lost in certainty, and one in joy,  
Then, thou more happy pow'r, fair charity !  
Triumphant sister ! greatest of the three !  
Thy office and thy nature still the same,  
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy  
flame,  
Shalt stand before the host of heav'n confess,  
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

PRIOR.

## THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

- 1 A star appear'd and peaceful threw  
    Around its holy ray ;  
It caught the faithful Magi's view,  
    It led the wondrous way.

What anxious  
While slowly m-  
O'er Judah's s-  
And softly fix'd  
On distant Bethl-

3 There, unknown  
Or the perfum'd l-  
Where the golder  
Mock the silence  
And the strains of  
Rise and fall 'mid

4 The Prince of Pea  
In lowly state w-  
While near, with k-  
His mother watc-  
The Magi view'd the  
Their joy was full—  
Let the sound of the s-  
arise !

His the Spirit's sacred fire,  
All his theme the King of Kings.

- 2 Others sing of worldly things,  
Themes like these to men belong ;  
But when Israel's Psalmist sings,  
Sacred themes inspire his song.
- 3 Listen, listen while he sings,  
Jesus is his glorious theme ;  
Jesus is the King of Kings,  
'Tis his joy to sing of him.
- 4 How should we delight to hear  
Strains that hope and love impart,  
Strains of joy for mortal ear,  
Strains that captivate the heart.
- 5 Son of Jesse, sound the lyre,  
Bear our willing souls along ;  
Thine the prophet's holy fire,  
'Thine his theme, and thine his song.

KELLY.

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SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

- 1 Ere yet the ev'ning star, with silver ray,  
Sheds its mild lustre on this sacred day,  
Let us resume, with thankful hearts again,  
The rites that heav'n and holiness ordain.

- 2 Still let those precious truths our t  
    engage,  
    Which shine reveal'd on inspi  
    Nor those blest hours in vanity be  
    Which all who lavish will lament :
- 3 O God, our Saviour, in our hearts  
    Thy blood redeems us and thy g  
        guide ;  
    In life our guardian, and in de  
    Glory supreme be thine, till time sh
- 4 And as yon sun descending rolls a  
    To rise in glory at return of day,  
    So may we set, our transient being  
    So rise in glory on the eternal sho

## THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHTEOUSNESS

- 1 The countless multitude on high,  
    Who tune their songs to Jesus' name  
    All merit of their own deny,  
    And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.
- 2 Firm on the ground of sov'reign g  
    They stand before Jehovah's thron  
    The only song in that bless'd plac  
    Is—"Thou art worthy! thou alone
- 3 With spotless robes of purest whit  
    And branches of triumphal palm,  
    They shout, with transports of d  
    Heav'n's ceaseless universal psa

- 4 Salvation's glory all be paid  
 To Him who sits upon the throne,  
 And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed,  
 Thou ! Thou art worthy! Thou alone.
- 5 For thou wast slain ; and in thy blood  
 These robes were wash'd so spotless pure ;  
 Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God—  
 For ever let thy praise endure !
- 6 While thus the ransom'd myriads shout,  
 "Amen!" the holy angels cry;  
 "Amen ! Amen !" resounds throughout  
 The boundless regions of the sky.
- 7 Let us with joy adopt the strain  
 We hope to sing for ever there !  
 "Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Worthy alone the crown to wear!"
- 8 Without one thought that's good to plead,  
 O what could shield us from despair,  
 But this—though we are vile indeed,  
 "The Lord our Righteousness" is there !

ANON.

---

THE RAINBOW.

- 1 Triumphal arch that fill'st the sky  
 When storms prepare to part,  
 I ask not proud philosophy,  
 To teach me what thou art.
- 2 Still seem as to my childhood's sight,  
 A midway station given,

For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

- 3 Can all that optics teach, unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow ?
- 4 When science from creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws !
- 5 And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.
- 6 When o'er the green undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's grey fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign ?
- 7 And when its yellow lustre smil'd,  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child,  
To bless the bow of God.
- 8 Methinks thy jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthem rang,  
On earth deliver'd from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.
- 9 How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,

Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down.

- 10 As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

- 11 For faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ;  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strewn,  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Shall we to man benighted  
 The lamp of life deny!  
 Salvation! Oh, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft ye winds his story,  
 And you ye waters roll,  
 Till like a sea of glory  
 It spreads from pole to pole:  
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss return to reign.

BISHOP HEBER.

---

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame!  
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life!
- 2 Hark, they whisper—angels say,  
 “Sister spirit, come away!”  
 What is this absorbs me quite,  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?—  
 Tell me, my soul!—can this be death?

3 The world recedes!—it disappears!—  
 Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring:  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 O grave! where is thy victory?  
 O death! where is thy sting?

POPE.

## VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects  
 find,  
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant  
 mind?  
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?  
 Must not dislike alarm, no wishes rise,  
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?  
 Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,  
 Which heaven may hear, nor deem religion  
 vain.  
 Still raise, for good, the supplicating voice,  
 But leave to heaven the measures and the  
 choice;  
 Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar  
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer.  
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,  
 Secure whate'er he gives he gives the best:  
 Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires  
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned;

For love, which scarce collective man can fill,  
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;  
For faith that, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind nature's signal for retreat;  
These goods for man the laws of Heaven  
ordain,  
These goods he grants, who grants the pow-  
er to gain;  
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find.

DR. JOHNSON.

---

*On viewing the buildings of the American  
Sunday-School Union, in Chestnut street,  
Philadelphia.*

I ask'd the passenger for whom arose  
These buildings, bold, yet in the beauty  
Of due proportion; speaking to the eye  
Of taste and symmetry?—He replied,  
Time was, when knowledge of the Holy One,  
His wisdom and perfections, was confin'd  
Unto the hoary. Limited to age  
Were things of godliness. Days only spake,  
And years held vision with the mysteries  
Redemption hath disclosed. The aged fed,  
And richly fed on manna,—but the child!  
*O*, he knew not of Bethlehem, nor heard  
The simple story of the manger, nor  
*Of Him* the Bless'd! whose early wisdom  
shamed  
*The Rabbi;* who unto his love took up

Young children, and gave honour unto them  
Of Bethphage, when they met the Sufferer  
With palm and song,—Thus was the mind a  
blank,

Whereon the devil wrote strange language;  
here

His tares the subtle adversary sow'd,  
And ignorance and wild disorder flourish'd,  
A baneful harvest! Childhood wax'd to  
youth,

Yet knew not God—youth unto manhood  
grew,

Yet mock'd the father's prayer, and scorn'd  
the mother's tear.

One\* came at length, who, imitating Him,  
Israel's kind Shepherd, gently led the young  
Out of sin's path into the narrow way  
Of life. Then he of the proud look was  
taught

Humility;—the tongue of blasphemy,  
Lisp'd Canaan's accents; stubborn knees  
were bow'd, .

And God's high Sabbath witness'd Wis-  
dom's call

Unto the young. It was a goodly work;  
It prosper'd—'twas His own! Behold the as-  
sembly now,

That throng the Sunday-School! See, on  
each brow,

Dove-like, sit blessedness and joy. Thou  
hear'st

Their sweet and holy hymn;—'Tis Jesus'  
name

Inspires the melody. To list that song,  
Warbled from lips so lovely, well might stir  
The flinty heart, and, bid the infidel  
Rebuk'd, with tears exclaim, "Lord, I be-  
lieve!"

They kneel—the infant worshippers! and they

Prevail in prayer, for hath not He declar'd  
They that seek *early*, *early* they shall find?  
Stranger! this noble pile is consecrate,  
Devoted to the Lord. Hence flow the  
streams

That irrigate the land, yea, that refresh  
The thirsty world. Hence goes the Mis-  
sionary

To plant God's nurseries, and to the work  
To stimulate His servants. Hence the page  
Of sound Instruction in the winning guise  
Of artless story, and the narrative  
Of holy children, early lov'd of God,  
And early gather'd to the white-rob'd choir,  
Wings its glad way alike unto the hall  
Of opulence, and to the low abode  
Of pove ty. Its mighty influence felt,  
*The fierce has wept—and many a soften'*  
heart

*Has own'd its power; and many a child,*  
*Taught by these little messengers, has look*

From beds of sickness to the Merciful,  
Pleading in faith "My Father! art not Thou  
The Guide, and the Preserver of my youth?"  
And thus has fled to glory. Who may tell  
In that high day when God makes up his  
own,

How many gems in the Messiah's crown  
Were gather'd by these heralds!—Stranger,  
thou

Weepest, and much I joy to see thee bend  
The knee, and mingle heart and prayer with  
mine,

That heavenly dew may ever gently nourish  
This vine of God's own planting. May the  
prayers

Of thousands, wafted to the eternal throne  
Drop in rich blessings on the Sunday-School.

TAPPAN.

---

A REAL OCCURRENCE IN A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

Which is the happiest death to die?

"Oh!" said one, "if I might choose,  
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,  
And feast my spirit ere it fly,  
With bright celestial views.

Mine were a lingering death, without  
pain,

A death which all might love to see,  
And mark how bright and sweet should  
be

'The victory I should gain!

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love

**From the angel-harps which ring above:  
And sing it as my parting breath  
Quivered and expired in death—  
So that those on earth might hear  
The harp-note of another sphere,  
And mark, when nature faints and dies,  
What springs of heavenly life arise,  
And gather, from the death they view,  
A ray of hope to light them through,  
When they should be departing too.”**

“No,” said another, “so not I:  
Sudden as thought is the death I would die;  
I would suddenly lay my shackles by,  
Nor bear a single pang at parting,  
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,  
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,  
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,  
Nor the frame, with mortal terror shak-  
ing,  
Nor the heart, where love’s soft bands  
are breaking,  
So would I die!  
“All bliss, without a pang to cloud it!  
All joy, without a pain to shroud it!  
Not slain, but caught up as it were,  
To meet my saviour in the air!  
So would I die!  
Oh! how bright  
Were the realms of light.  
*Bursting* at once upon the sight.

Even so,  
I long to go,  
These parting hours, how sad and slow!"

His voice grew faint, and fix'd was his eye,  
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;  
The hue of his cheek and lips decayed,  
Around his mouth a sweet smile played;—  
They look'd—he was dead!  
His spirit had fled:  
Painless and swift as his own desire,  
The soul undressed,  
From her mortal vest,  
Had stepp'd in her car of heavenly fire:  
And proved how bright  
Were the realms of light  
Bursting at once upon the sight!

EDMESTON.

## A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

- 1 To mark the sufferings of the babe  
That cannot speak its wo;  
To see the infant's tears gush forth,  
Yet know not why they flow;  
To meet the meek uplifted eye,  
That fain would ask relief,  
Yet can but tell of agony,  
*This is a mother's grief.*
- 2 Thro' dreary days and darker nights,  
To trace the march of death;

To hear the faint and frequent sigh,  
 The quick and shortened breath;  
 To watch the last dread strife draw ne  
 And pray that struggle brief,  
 Though all is ended with its close,  
*This is a mother's grief,*

- 3 To see in one short hour decayed  
 The hope of future years;  
 To feel how vain a father's prayers,  
 How vain a mother's tears;  
 To think the cold grave now must cl  
 O'er what was once the chief  
 Of all the treasured joys of earth,  
*This is a mother's grief.*
- 4 Yet when the first wild throb is past  
 Of anguish and despair,  
 To lift the eye of faith to heaven  
 And think my child is *there*,  
 This best can dry the gushing tear,  
 This yields the heart relief,  
 Until the Christian's pious hope  
 O'ercomes a mother's grief!

DA

---

#### SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

Contemplate, when the sun declines,  
 Thy death with deep reflection!  
 And when again he rising shines,  
 Thy day of resurrection!

COV

## THE BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY.

- 1 Along the banks where Babel's current flows,  
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,  
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose  
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.
- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,  
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,  
In mournful silence on the willows hung;  
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.
- 3 The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the wo;  
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;  
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow  
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,  
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?  
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,  
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise:
- 5 If e'er my mem'ry lose thy lovely name,  
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,  
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame:

**My hand shall perish, and my voice  
shall cease.**

- 6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion  
calls,**

**O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay  
His arm avenge her desolated walls,  
And raise his children to eternal day.**

**TEMPTATION.**

- 1 The billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;  
Out of the depths to thee I call,—  
My fears are great, my strength is small.**
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the  
storm,  
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,  
Control the waves,—say, "Peace, be still."**
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hopes on thee;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.**
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name  
Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.**
- 5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck  
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shatter'd bark again.**

cow

## LOVE NEVER FAILETH.

They sin who tell us love can die,  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven, ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;  
Earthly these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they had their birth,  
But love is indestructible.  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth,  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times distrest,  
It here is tried and purified,  
It hath in heaven its perfect rest ;  
It soweth *here* in toil and care,  
But the harvest time of love is *there*.  
O ! when the mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for all her fears,  
The anxious day, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows, pains, and tears,  
An over payment of delight ?

SOUTHEY.

## HEAVENLY HOPE.

- 1 Reflected on the lake, I love  
    To see the stars of evening glow ;  
    So tranquil in the heavens above,  
    *So restless* in the wave below.
- 2 *Thus* heavenly hope is all serene,  
    *But earthly* hope, how bright soe'er

Still fluctuates o'er this changing sce  
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

BISHOP H

## CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

- 1 The Lord shall come! the earth  
quake;  
The mountains to their centre shake  
And, withering from the vault of nig  
The stars shall pale their feeble ligh
- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the sa:  
As once in lowliness He came;  
A silent Lamb before his foes,  
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful for  
With rainbow-wreath and robes of s  
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind  
Appointed judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray  
As pilgrim on the world's highway,  
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by  
The Nazarene,—the crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,  
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us f  
The saints, ascending from the tomb  
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is co

BISHOP

## THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

- 1 I've worshipp'd where the mighty kneel  
Before the mightiest in prayer,  
And with the noble organ's peal,  
My mingling hymn has risen there.
- 2 I've met where two or three have met,  
Before the throne in tears to lie ;  
Nor would my soul that hour forget,  
When in communion God pass'd by:
- 3 Yet higher privilege for me  
I covet not to be reveal'd,  
Than a glad worshipper to be,  
Where children have in beauty kneel'd.
- 4 To mingle mine with their pure prayers,  
When they like infant cherubs bend ;  
To join my voice and heart with theirs,  
In anthems to our heavenly friend.
- 5 That melody ! it knows not art,  
That simple prayer ! I feel 'tis true;  
In Jesus children have a part,  
'Tis theirs to love and worship too.
- 6 And *there!* before the eternal throne,  
Censers to such dear ones are given;  
Their lisping harps of silver tone,  
Ring sweetest 'mid the choirs of heaven.
- 7 O brighter shone the Godhead out,  
When taking children to his arms ;  
Than when confess'd by Jewish shout,  
By regal pomp and waving palms.

8 Yea, loftier then a conqueror, came  
     The Saviour to his suffering,  
     When they of Bethphage sang acclaim  
     And gave Hosannas to their King.

TAPP.

## JUDGMENT.

- 1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheel  
     in fire,  
     As the Lord cometh down in the  
     of his ire;  
     Self-moving, it drives on its path  
     of cloud,  
     And the heavens with the burthe  
     Godhead are bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him  
     pour'd,  
     The myriads of angels that wait on  
     Lord;  
     And the glorified saints, and the ma  
     are there,  
     And all who the palm-wreaths of vi  
     wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead  
     all heard;  
     Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd  
     numents stirr'd!  
     From ocean and earth, from the s  
     pole and north,  
     Lo, the vast generation of ages  
     forth

- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones  
are all set,  
Where the Lamb and the white-vested  
elders are met;  
All flesh is at once in the sight of the  
Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his  
word.
- 5 Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from  
above,  
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with  
love!  
When beneath to their darkness the wick-  
ed are driven,  
May our justified souls find a welcome in  
heaven!

REV. H. H. MILMAN.

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can Sunday-School Union,

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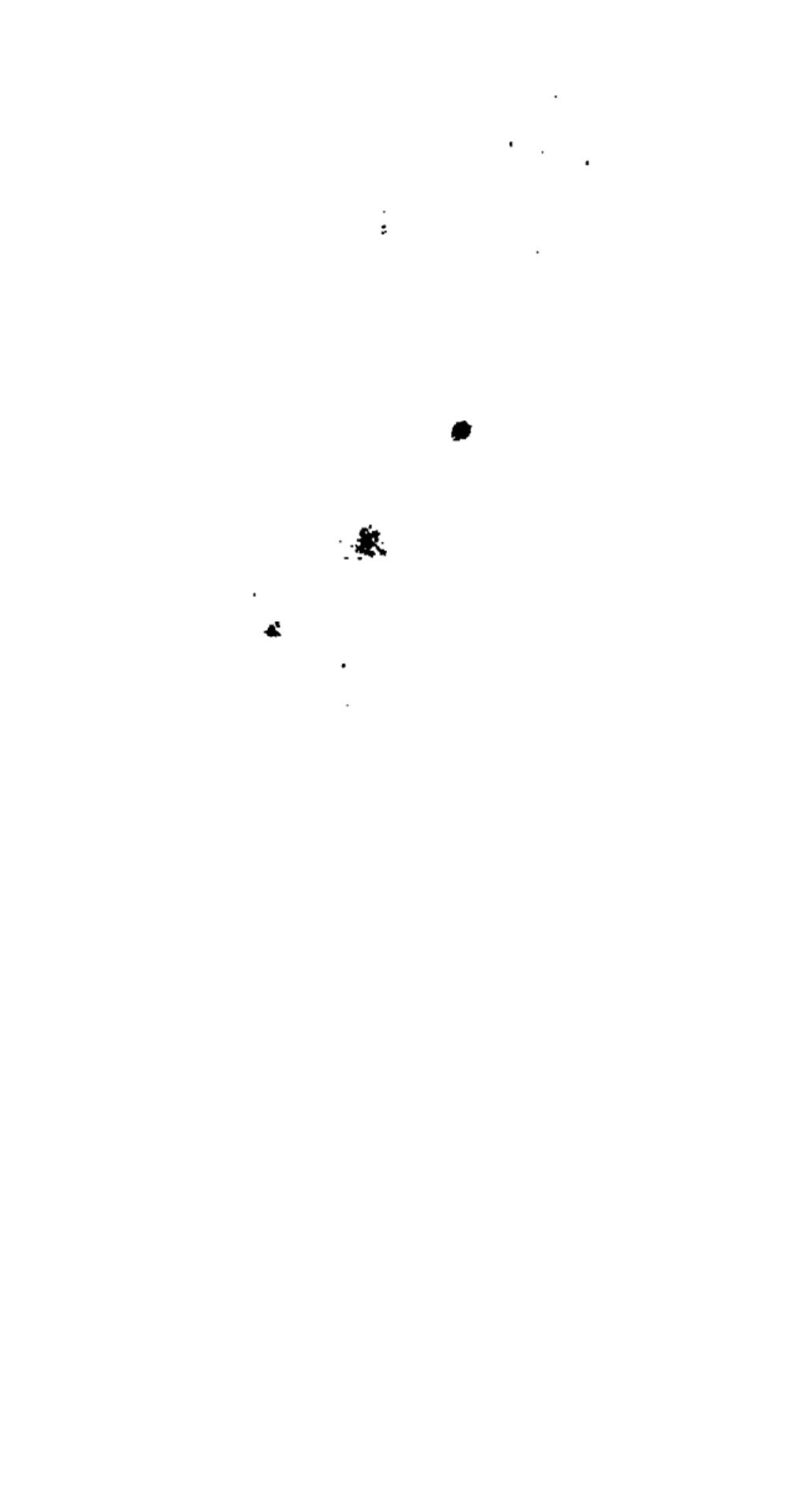
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